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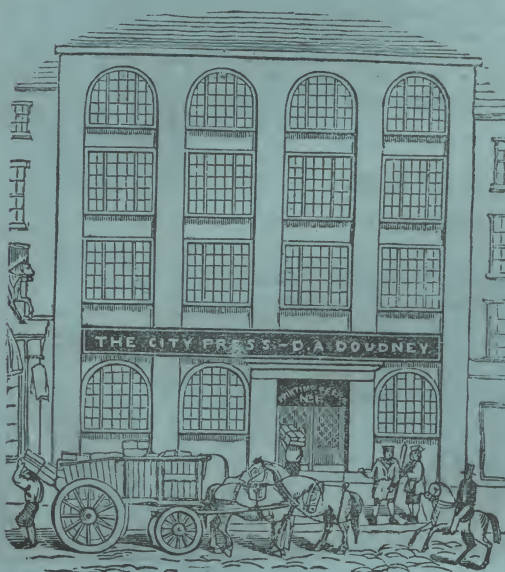
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
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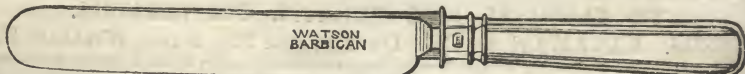
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READ the following statement, which must carry conviction to the mind of every reasonable person; and affords additional and weighty testimony in favour of this singularly efficacious medicine.

TO THE PROPRIETORS OF PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

Gentlemen,—This is to inform you, in detail, what Old PARR'S LIFE PILLS (or Pills of Health) have done for me. First,—They have cured me of a cough of about three years' duration, by which I could sleep very little: but the third night I took them I slept very comfortably. Secondly,—Of a Nervous Affection, with which I have been troubled for many years. Thirdly,—Of Costiveness, from which I have suffered much for many years, having been, except at intervals, for three, four, five, six, seven, and eleven days in torment, previous to going to the ground. Fourthly,—Of the Rheumatism, from which I have suffered much for upwards of forty years. Fifthly,—Of a Scorbatic humour, with which I have been tormented at least forty-four years, having been lame with it, several times, for months together. This has been a very stubborn case. I do not know what I may have, but at present I have not a sore spot, nor a pain about me. I am now enabled to bless and praise God for his mercies in bringing to light such a restorative of health and soundness of body. I am not like the same person I was a year ago, being so much altered for the better. All these cures have been effected in me, by the use of PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

And Lastly,—I believe them to be a safe preventive of the Bowel Complaint, for neither I nor my wife have had it since taking them; she having frequently had it previously.

I am, Gentlemen, your humble Servant,

R. W. RICHARDSON, Schoolmaster.

Red Lion-street, Walsall, Staffordshire, January, 1843.

WITNESS.—R. Richardson, his present wife, can vouch to his being afflicted as above, for more than 22 years.
NOTE.—You are at liberty to make use of the above statement in any way you please; I am ready to answer any question put to me, relating thereto.

R. W. R.

Messrs. T. Roberts and Co., London.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS! Purchasers may be sure they have the genuine medicine if they find the words PARR'S LIFE PILLS engraved on the Government Stamp, which is pasted round the sides of each box, in white letters on a red ground. Prepared only by T. ROBERTS and Co., Crane-court, Fleet-street; and sold wholesale by their appointment, by E. Edwards, 67, St. Paul's; also by Barclay and Sons, Farringdon-street; Sutton and Co. Bow Churchyard, London; and J. R. Raimes, Edinburgh; and all respectable Chemists and Dealers in Medicine, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and Family boxes 11s. each. Full directions are given with each box.



IMPORTANT TO LADIES.

FAILURE TO OBTAIN

AN INJUNCTION

TO RESTRAIN THE

MANUFACTURE OF



KIRBY'S

NE PLUS ULTRA PINS,

With perfect Solid Heads and smooth Adamantine Points.

RESULT OF LITIGATION.

A COPY OF A NOTICE served on Messrs. KIRBY, BEARD, and Co., dated the 31st of December, 1840, and signed, "White and Borrett," solicitors to the Assignees of Henry Shuttleworth, a bankrupt, and circulated in a letter, signed "J. Briggs, for D. F. Taylor and Co.," dated the 1st of January, 1841, having been sent to several of the customers of Kirby, Beard, and Co., and re-issued more recently, to the effect, that "Any persons purchasing or vending Solid Headed Pins in violation of the alleged Patent rights of such Assignees, were liable to be called to account like any other pirates." Messrs. KIRBY, BEARD, and Co. think it right to communicate to their customers and consumers of Pins, the result of the litigation which has taken place in the Courts of Chancery and Queen's Bench, between MARLING and OTHERS, as assignees of the said HENRY SHUTTLEWORTH, and KIRBY, BEARD, and Co.

MARLING and KIRBY, RE SHUTTLEWORTH.

"It is mutually agreed between the assignees of Mr. Henry Shuttleworth, and Messrs. Kirby, Beard, and Co., that the assignees shall withdraw all their proceedings against Messrs. Kirby, Beard, and Co. relating to 'Wright's Patent,' for making Solid Headed Pins, and that the assignees shall pay Two HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS in discharge of the costs of Messrs. Kirby, Beard, and Co. Dated this 10th day of December, 1842. (Signed)

WHITE and BORRETT, Solicitors for and on the behalf of the Assignees of Henry Shuttleworth, HUGHES, KEARSEY, and MASTERMAN, Solicitors for and on behalf of Kirby, Beard, and Co."

KIRBY, BEARD, and Co., Pin and Needle Makers to Her Most Excellent Majesty Queen Victoria and the Dowager Queen Adelaide, with a grateful recollection of many years' distinguished and extensive public patronage, preference, and support, respectfully solicit the attention of their Customers and Consumers of Pins and Needles to their HIGHEST QUALITY OF PINS, known from all other Pins in the Trade, by the name of "KIRBY'S NE PLUS ULTRA PINS, WITH PERFECT SOLID HEADS AND SMOOTH ADAMANTINE POINTS"—the product, at a great expence, of many years' experiments and improvement upon the original invention and first patent taken out for the manufacture of Solid Headed Pins. An eminent Engineer, on an inspection of Kirby, Beard, and Co.'s New Machinery in daily operation, described it—"As combining the skilful application of the most ingenious mechanism, practically applied in its minutest construction and operations to effect uniformly the highest quality and finish to Pins with Solid Heads." Notwithstanding the above quite original and true description printed on the labels and wrappers of KIRBY, BEARD, and Co.'s Pins, the same has been and is dexterously copied and counterfeited, with the omission of the words "Kirby's" and "Smooth," by a firm of Solid Headed Pin Makers, unwarily calling themselves exclusive patentees, who, by such piracy and in a spirit of great unfairness as tradesmen one towards another, advertise and sell, by such description, their Solid Headed Pins of a second price, and consequently of a SECOND AND INFERIOR QUALITY.

The attention of the public and consumers being thus directed to this species of deception, and the perverted application of the words "NE PLUS ULTRA" against their obvious sense and meaning, they will readily distinguish the ORIGINAL AND GENUINE ARTICLE from the RECENT COUNTERFEIT; and Ladies, should they wish to purchase the former, are respectfully solicited (to prevent mistakes) to ask for KIRBY'S NE PLUS ULTRA PINS," which, as well as

EMBOSSED LABEL



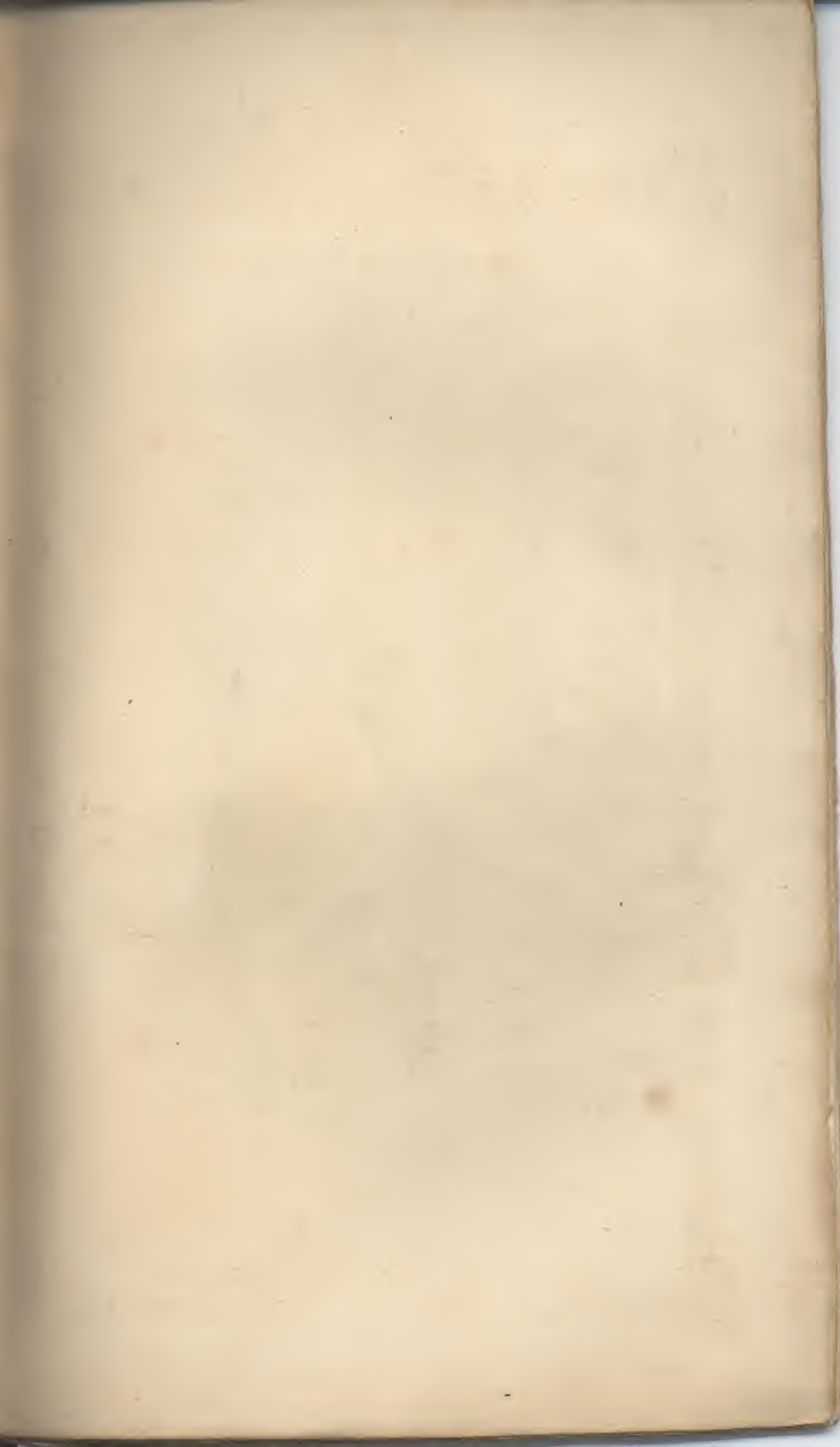
KIRBY'S

NE PLUS ULTRA NEEDLES,

With perfect Drilled Eyes,

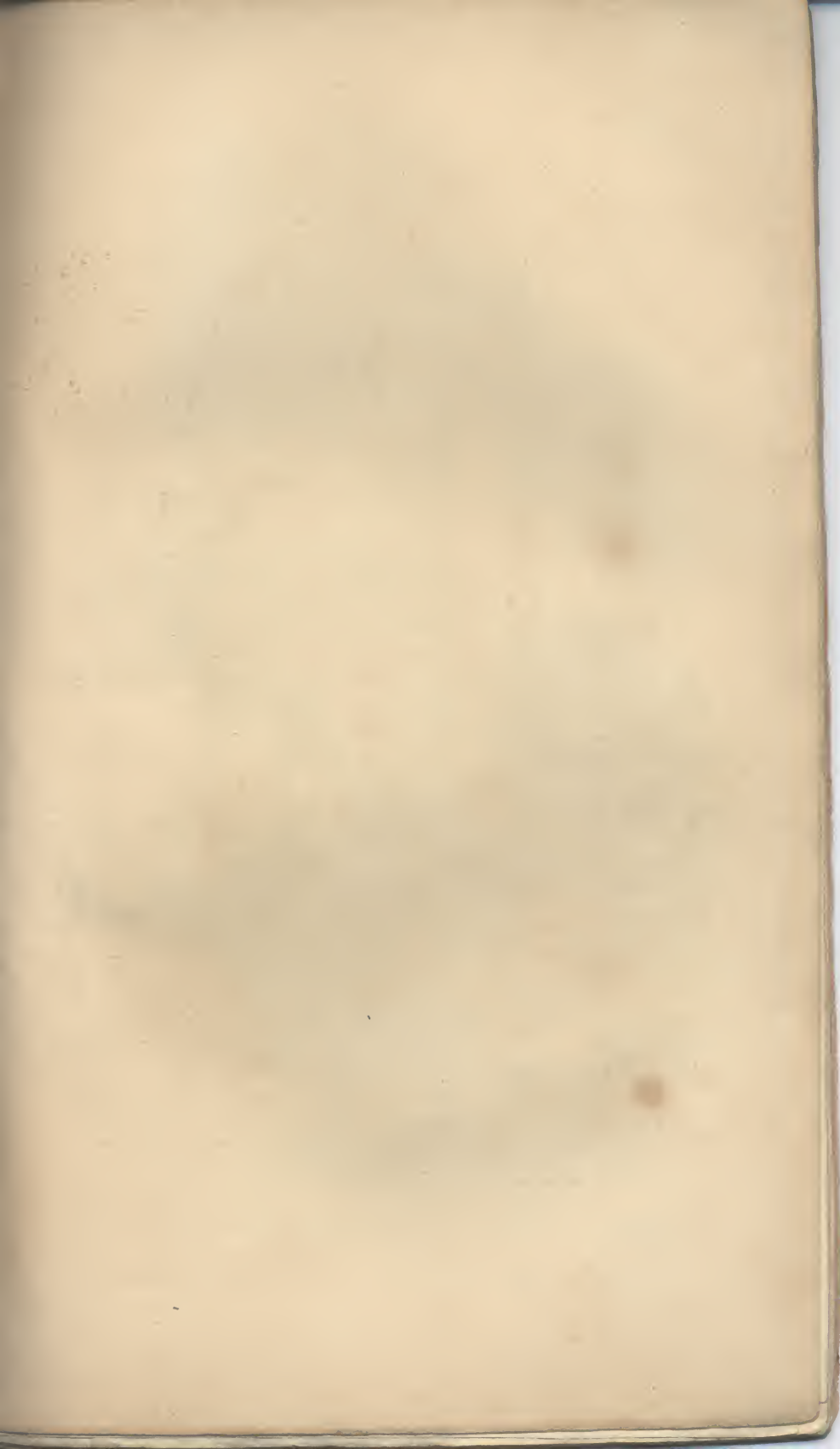
For the convenience of purchasers (as well as in the usual manner), Kirby and Co. make up their *Ne Plus Ultra* Needles in a variety of Medallion Cases, each containing One Hundred of assorted useful sizes; also in Morocco, Rich Satin, and Superb Velvet Cases, containing Ten Papers of useful sorts and sizes, which includes One Paper of all the unique and best adapted perfect Needles, expressly manufactured for every description of modern and elegant Ladies' Fancy Needle Work. Also, their Kirby's *Ne Plus Ultra* Pins, in superb Cases, containing Six Papers of the most approved sizes, forming useful appendages to a Ladies' Repository, and a choice of these elegant little Presents are sold at very moderate prices at all the leading Haberdashers, Silk Mercers, and Linen Drapers in the United Kingdom, and every part of Europe and America.—Every description of Pins, Needles, and Fish Hooks to be had, Wholesale and for Exportation, at KIRBY, BEARD, and Co.'s Manufactory,

No. 46, Cannon Street, London, and Gloucester.





Mrs. Pinch and the new pupil, on a social occasion.





Mark begins to be jolly under creditable circumstances.

CHAPTER VI.

COMPRISES, AMONG OTHER IMPORTANT MATTERS, PECKSNIFFIAN AND ARCHITECTURAL, AN EXACT RELATION OF THE PROGRESS MADE BY MR. PINCH IN THE CONFIDENCE AND FRIENDSHIP OF THE NEW PUPIL.

It was morning ; and the beautiful Aurora, of whom so much hath been written, said, and sung, did, with her rosy fingers, nip and tweak Miss Pecksniff's nose. It was the frolicsome custom of the Goddess, in her intercourse with the fair Cherry, so to do ; or in more prosaic phrase, the tip of that feature in the sweet girl's countenance, was always very red at breakfast-time. For the most part, indeed, it wore, at that season of the day, a scraped and frosty look, as if it had been rasped ; while a similar phenomenon developed itself in her humour, which was then observed to be of a sharp and acid quality, as though an extra lemon (figuratively speaking) had been squeezed into the nectar of her disposition, and had rather damaged its flavour.

This additional pungency on the part of the fair young creature led, on ordinary occasions, to such slight consequences as the copious dilution of Mr. Pinch's tea, or to his coming off uncommonly short in respect of butter, or to other the like results. But on the morning after the Installation Banquet, she suffered him to wander to and fro among the eatables and drinkables, a perfectly free and unchecked man ; so utterly to Mr. Pinch's wonder and confusion, that like the wretched captive who recovered his liberty in his old age, he could make but little use of his enlargement, and fell into a strange kind of flutter for want of some kind hand to scrape his bread, and cut him off in the article of sugar with a lump, and pay him those other little attentions to which he was accustomed. There was something almost awful, too, about the self-possession of the new pupil ; who "troubled" Mr. Pecksniff for the loaf, and helped himself to a rasher of that gentleman's own particular and private bacon, with all the coolness in life. He even seemed to think that he was doing quite a regular thing, and to expect that Mr. Pinch would follow his example, since he took occasion to observe of that young man "that he didn't get on : " a speech of so tremendous a character, that Tom cast down his eyes involuntarily, and felt as if he himself had committed some horrible deed and heinous breach of Mr. Pecksniff's confidence. Indeed, the agony of having such an indiscreet remark addressed to him before the assembled family, was breakfast enough in itself, and would, without any other matter of reflection, have settled Mr. Pinch's business and quenched his appetite, for one meal, though he had been never so hungry.

The young ladies, however, and Mr. Pecksniff likewise, remained in the very best of spirits in spite of these severe trials, though with something of a mysterious understanding among themselves. When the meal was nearly over, Mr. Pecksniff smilingly explained the cause of their common satisfaction.

"It is not often," he said, "Martin, that my daughters and I desert

our quiet home to pursue the giddy round of pleasures that revolves abroad. But we think of doing so to-day."

"Indeed, sir!" cried the new pupil.

"Yes," said Mr. Pecksniff, tapping his left hand with a letter which he held in his right. "I have a summons here to repair to London; on professional business, my dear Martin; strictly on professional business; and I promised my girls, long ago, that whenever that happened again, they should accompany me. We shall go forth to-night by the heavy coach—like the dove of old, my dear Martin—and it will be a week before we again deposit our olive-branches in the passage. When I say olive-branches," observed Mr. Pecksniff, in explanation, "I mean, our unpretending luggage."

"I hope the young ladies will enjoy their trip," said Martin.

"Oh! that I'm sure we shall!" cried Mercy, clapping her hands.

"Good gracious, Cherry, my darling, the idea of London!"

"Ardent child!" said Mr. Pecksniff, gazing on her in a dreamy way. "And yet there is a melancholy sweetness in these youthful hopes! It is pleasant to know that they never can be realised. I remember thinking once myself, in the days of my childhood, that pickled onions grew on trees, and that every elephant was born with an impregnable castle on his back. I have not found the fact to be so; far from it; and yet those visions have comforted me under circumstances of trial. Even when I have had the anguish of discovering that I have nourished in my breast an ostrich, and not a human pupil—even in that hour of agony, they have soothed me."

At this dread allusion to John Westlock, Mr. Pinch precipitately choked in his tea; for he had that very morning received a letter from him, as Mr. Pecksniff very well knew.

"You will take care, my dear Martin," said Mr. Pecksniff, resuming his former cheerfulness, "that the house does not run away in our absence. We leave you in charge of everything. There is no mystery; all is free and open. Unlike the young man in the Eastern tale—who is described as a one-eyed almanack, if I am not mistaken, Mr. Pinch?"—

"A one-eyed calender, I think, sir," faltered Tom.

"They are pretty nearly the same thing, I believe," said Mr. Pecksniff, smiling compassionately; "or they used to be in my time. Unlike that young man, my dear Martin, you are forbidden to enter no corner of this house; but are requested to make yourself perfectly at home in every part of it. You will be jovial, my dear Martin, and will kill the fatted calf if you please!"

There was not the least objection, doubtless, to the young man's slaughtering and appropriating to his own use any calf, fat or lean, that he might happen to find upon the premises; but as no such animal chanced at that time to be grazing on Mr. Pecksniff's estate, this request must be considered rather as a polite compliment than a substantial hospitality. It was the finishing ornament of the conversation; for when he had delivered it, Mr. Pecksniff rose, and led the way to that hotbed of architectural genius, the two-pair front.

"Let me see," he said, searching among the papers, "how you can

best employ yourself, Martin, while I am absent. Suppose you were to give me your idea of a monument to a Lord Mayor of London; or a tomb for a sheriff; or your notion of a cow-house to be erected in a nobleman's park. Do you know, now," said Mr. Pecksniff, folding his hands, and looking at his young relation with an air of pensive interest, "that I should very much like to see your notion of a cow-house?"

But Martin by no means appeared to relish this suggestion.

"A pump," said Mr. Pecksniff, "is very chaste practice. I have found that a lamp-post is calculated to refine the mind and give it a classical tendency. An ornamental turnpike has a remarkable effect upon the imagination. What do you say to beginning with an ornamental turnpike?"

"Whatever Mr. Pecksniff pleased," said Martin, doubtfully.

"Stay," said that gentleman. "Come! as you're ambitious, and are a very neat draughtsman, you shall—ha ha!—you shall try your hand on these proposals for a grammar-school: regulating your plan, of course, by the printed particulars. Upon my word, now," said Mr. Pecksniff, merrily, "I shall be very curious to see what you make of the grammar-school. Who knows but a young man of your taste might hit upon something, impracticable and unlikely in itself, but which I could put into shape? For it really is, my dear Martin, it really is in the finishing touches alone, that great experience and long study in these matters tell. Ha, ha, ha! Now it really will be," continued Mr. Pecksniff, clapping his young friend on the back in his droll humour, "an amusement to me, to see what you make of the grammar-school."

Martin readily undertook this task, and Mr. Pecksniff forthwith proceeded to entrust him with the materials necessary for its execution: dwelling meanwhile on the magical effect of a few finishing touches from the hand of a master; which, indeed, as some people said (and these were the old enemies again!) was unquestionably very surprising, and almost miraculous; as there were cases on record in which the masterly introduction of an additional back window, or a kitchen door, or half-a-dozen steps, or even a water spout, had made the design of a pupil Mr. Pecksniff's own work, and had brought substantial rewards into that gentleman's pocket. But such is the magic of genius, which changes all it handles into gold!

"When your mind requires to be refreshed, by change of occupation," said Mr. Pecksniff, "Thomas Pinch will instruct you in the art of surveying the back garden, or in ascertaining the dead level of the road between this house and the finger-post, or in any other practical and pleasing pursuit. There are a cart-load of loose bricks, and a score or two of old flower-pots, in the back yard. If you could pile them up, my dear Martin, into any form which would remind me on my return—say of St. Peter's at Rome, or the Mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople—it would be at once improving to you and agreeable to my feelings. And now," said Mr. Pecksniff, in conclusion, "to drop, for the present, our professional relations and advert to private matters, I shall be glad to talk with you in my own room, while I pack up my portmanteau."

Martin attended him; and they remained in secret conference together for an hour or more; leaving Tom Pinch alone. When the young man returned, he was very taciturn and dull, in which state he remained all day; so that Tom, after trying him once or twice with indifferent conversation, felt a delicacy in obtruding himself upon his thoughts, and said no more.

He would not have had leisure to say much, had his new friend been ever so loquacious: for first of all Mr. Pecksniff called him down to stand upon the top of his portmanteau and represent ancient statues there, until such time as it would consent to be locked; and then Miss Charity called him to come and cord her trunk; and then Miss Mercy sent for him to come and mend her box; and then he wrote the fullest possible cards for all the luggage; and then he volunteered to carry it all downstairs; and after that to see it safely carried on a couple of barrows to the old finger-post at the end of the lane; and then to mind it till the coach came up. In short, his day's work would have been a pretty heavy one for a porter, but his thorough good-will made nothing of it; and as he sat upon the luggage at last, waiting for the Pecksniffs, escorted by the new pupil, to come down the lane, his heart was light with the hope of having pleased his benefactor.

"I was almost afraid," said Tom, taking a letter from his pocket, and wiping his face, for he was hot with bustling about though it was a cold day, "that I shouldn't have had time to write it, and that would have been a thousand pities: postage from such a distance being a serious consideration, when one's not rich. She will be glad to see my hand, poor girl, and to hear that Pecksniff is as kind as ever. I would have asked John Westlock to call and see her, and tell her all about me by word of mouth, but I was afraid he might speak against Pecksniff to her, and make her uneasy. Besides, they are particular people where she is, and it might have rendered her situation uncomfortable if she had had a visit from a young man like John. Poor Ruth!"

Tom Pinch seemed a little disposed to be melancholy for half a minute or so, but he found comfort very soon, and pursued his ruminations thus:

"I'm a nice man, I don't think, as John used to say (John was a kind, merry-hearted fellow: I wish he had liked Pecksniff better) to be feeling low, on account of the distance between us, when I ought to be thinking, instead, of my extraordinary good-luck in having ever got here. I must have been born with a silver spoon in my mouth, I am sure, to have ever come across Pecksniff. And here have I fallen again into my usual good-luck with the new pupil! Such an affable, generous, free fellow, as he is, I never saw. Why, we were companions directly! and he a relation of Pecksniff's too, and a clever, dashing youth who might cut his way through the world as if it were a cheese! Here he comes while the words are on my lips," said Tom: "walking down the lane as if the lane belonged to him."

In truth, the new pupil, not at all disconcerted by the honour of having Miss Mercy Pecksniff on his arm, or by the affectionate adieux of that young lady, approached as Mr. Pinch spoke, followed by Miss Charity and Mr. Pecksniff. As the coach appeared at the same moment,

Tom lost no time in entreating the gentleman last mentioned, to undertake the delivery of his letter.

"Oh!" said Mr. Pecksniff, glancing at the superscription. "For your sister, Thomas. Yes, oh yes, it shall be delivered, Mr. Pinch. Make your mind easy upon that score. She shall certainly have it, Mr. Pinch."

He made the promise with so much condescension and patronage, that Tom felt he had asked a great deal (this had not occurred to his mind before), and thanked him earnestly. The Miss Pecksniffs, according to a custom they had, were amused beyond description, at the mention of Mr. Pinch's sister. Oh the fright! The bare idea of a Miss Pinch! Good heavens!

Tom was greatly pleased to see them so merry, for he took it as a token of their favour, and good-humoured regard. Therefore he laughed too and rubbed his hands, and wished them a pleasant journey and safe return, and was quite brisk. Even when the coach had rolled away with the olive-branches in the boot and the family of doves inside, he stood waving his hand and bowing: so much gratified by the unusually courteous demeanour of the young ladies, that he was quite regardless, for the moment, of Martin Chuzzlewit, who stood leaning thoughtfully against the finger-post, and who after disposing of his fair charge had hardly lifted his eyes from the ground.

The perfect silence which ensued upon the bustle and departure of the coach, together with the sharp air of the wintry afternoon, roused them both at the same time. They turned, as by mutual consent, and moved off, arm-in-arm.

"How melancholy you are!" said Tom; "what is the matter?"

"Nothing worth speaking of," said Martin. "Very little more than was the matter yesterday, and much more, I hope, than will be the matter to-morrow. I'm out of spirits, Pinch."

"Well," cried Tom, "now do you know I am in capital spirits to-day, and scarcely ever felt more disposed to be good company. It was a very kind thing in your predecessor, John, to write to me, was it not?"

"Why, yes," said Martin carelessly: "I should have thought he would have had enough to do to enjoy himself, without thinking of you, Pinch."

"Just what I felt to be so very likely," Tom rejoined: "but no, he keeps his word, and says, 'My dear Pinch, I often think of you,' and all sorts of kind and considerate things of that description."

"He must be a devilish good-natured fellow," said Martin, somewhat peevishly: "because he can't mean that, you know."

"I don't suppose he can, eh?" said Tom, looking wistfully in his companion's face. "He says so to please me, you think?"

"Why, is it likely," rejoined Martin, with greater earnestness, "that a young man newly escaped from this kennel of a place, and fresh to all the delights of being his own master in London, can have much leisure or inclination to think favourably of anything or anybody he has left behind him here? I put it to you, Pinch, is it natural?"

After a short reflection, Mr. Pinch replied, in a more subdued tone, that to be sure it was unreasonable to expect any such thing, and that he had no doubt Martin knew best.

Of course I know best," Martin observed.

Yes, I feel that," said Mr. Pinch, mildly. "I said so." And when he had made this rejoinder, they fell into a blank silence again, which lasted until they reached home : by which time it was dark.

Now, Miss Charity Pecksniff, in consideration of the inconvenience of carrying them with her in the coach, and the impossibility of preserving them by artificial means until the family's return, had set forth, in a couple of plates, the fragments of yesterday's feast. In virtue of which liberal arrangement, they had the happiness to find awaiting them in the parlour two chaotic heaps of the remains of last night's pleasure, consisting of certain filmy bits of oranges, some mummied sandwiches, various disrupted masses of the geological cake, and several entire captain's biscuits. That choice liquor in which to steep these dainties might not be wanting, the remains of the two bottles of currant-wine had been poured together and corked with a curl-paper ; so that every material was at hand for making quite a heavy night of it.

Martin Chuzzlewit beheld these roystering preparations with infinite contempt, and stirring the fire into a blaze (to the great destruction of Mr. Pecksniff's coals), sat moodily down before it, in the most comfortable chair he could find. That he might the better squeeze himself into the small corner that was left for him, Mr. Pinch took up his position on Miss Mercy Pecksniff's stool, and setting his glass down upon the hearth-rug and putting his plate upon his knees, began to enjoy himself.

If Diogenes coming to life again could have rolled himself, tub and all, into Mr. Pecksniff's parlour, and could have seen Tom Pinch as he sat on Mercy Pecksniff's stool, with his plate and glass before him, he could not have faced it out, though in his surliest mood, but must have smiled good-temperedly. The perfect and entire satisfaction of Tom ; his surpassing appreciation of the husky sandwiches, which crumbled in his mouth like sawdust ; the unspeakable relish with which he swallowed the thin wine by drops, and smacked his lips, as though it were so rich and generous that to lose an atom of its fruity flavour were a sin ; the look with which he paused sometimes, with his glass in his hand, proposing silent toasts to himself ; and the anxious shade that came upon his contented face when after wandering round the room, exulting in its uninvaded snugness, his glance encountered the dull brow of his companion ; no cynic in the world, though in his hatred of its men a very griffin, could have withstood these things in Thomas Pinch.

Some men would have slapped him on the back, and pledged him in a bumper of the currant-wine, though it had been the sharpest vinegar—ay, and liked its flavour too ; some would have seized him by his honest hand, and thanked him for the lesson that his simple nature taught them. Some would have laughed with, and others would have laughed at him ; of which last class was Martin Chuzzlewit, who, unable to restrain himself at last, laughed loud and long.

"That's right," said Tom, nodding approvingly. "Cheer up ! That's capital !"

At which encouragement, young Martin laughed again ; and said, as soon as he had breath and gravity enough :

"I never saw such a fellow as you are, Pinch."

"Didn't you though?" said Tom. "Well, it's very likely you do find me strange, because I have hardly seen anything of the world, and you have seen a good deal I dare say?"

"Pretty well for my time of life," rejoined Martin, drawing his chair still nearer to the fire, and spreading his feet out on the fender. "Deuce take it, I must talk openly to somebody. I'll talk openly to you, Pinch."

"Do!" said Tom. "I shall take it as being very friendly of you."

"I'm not in your way, am I?" inquired Martin, glancing down at Mr. Pinch, who was by this time looking at the fire over his leg.

"Not at all!" cried Tom.

"You must know then, to make short of a long story," said Martin, beginning with a kind of effort, as if the revelation were not agreeable to him: "that I have been bred up from childhood with great expectations, and have always been taught to believe that I should be, one day, very rich. So I should have been, but for certain brief reasons which I am going to tell you, and which have led to my being disinherited."

"By your father?" enquired Mr. Pinch, with open eyes.

"By my grandfather. I have had no parents these many years. Scarcely within my remembrance."

"Neither have I," said Tom, touching the young man's hand with his own and timidly withdrawing it again. "Dear me!"

"Why as to that you know, Pinch," pursued the other, stirring the fire again, and speaking in his rapid, off-hand way: "it's all very right and proper to be fond of parents when we have them, and to bear them in remembrance after they're dead, if you have ever known anything of them. But as I never did know anything about mine personally, you know, why I can't be expected to be very sentimental about 'em. And I am not: that's the truth."

Mr. Pinch was just then looking thoughtfully at the bars. But on his companion pausing in this place, he started, and said "Oh! of course"—and composed himself to listen again.

"In a word," said Martin, "I have been bred and reared all my life by this grandfather of whom I have just spoken. Now, he has a great many good points; there is no doubt about that; I'll not disguise the fact from you; but he has two very great faults, which are the staple of his bad side. In the first place, he has the most confirmed obstinacy of character you ever met with in any human creature. In the second, he is most abominably selfish."

"Is he indeed?" cried Tom.

"In those two respects," returned the other, "there never was such a man. I have often heard from those who know, that they have been, time out of mind, the failings of our family; and I believe there's some truth in it. But I can't say of my own knowledge. All I have to do, you know, is to be very thankful that they haven't descended to me, and to be very careful that I don't contract 'em."

"To be sure," said Mr. Pinch. "Very proper."

"Well, sir," resumed Martin, stirring the fire once more, and drawing

his chair still closer to it, "his selfishness makes him exacting, you see; and his obstinacy makes him resolute in his exactions. The consequence is that he has always exacted a great deal from me in the way of respect, and submission, and self-denial when his wishes were in question, and so forth. I have borne a great deal from him, because I have been under obligations to him (if one can ever be said to be under obligations to one's own grandfather), and because I have been really attached to him; but we have had a great many quarrels for all that, for I could not accommodate myself to his ways very often—not out of the least reference to myself you understand, but because——" he stammered here, and was rather at a loss.

Mr. Pinch being about the worst man in the world to help anybody out of a difficulty of this sort, said nothing.

"Well! as you understand me," resumed Martin quickly, "I needn't hunt for the precise expression I want. Now, I come to the cream of my story, and the occasion of my being here. I am in love, Pinch."

Mr. Pinch looked up into his face with increased interest.

"I say I am in love. I am in love with one of the most beautiful girls the sun ever shone upon. But she is wholly and entirely dependent upon the pleasure of my grandfather; and if he were to know that she favoured my passion, she would lose her home and everything she possesses in the world. There is nothing very selfish in *that* love, I think?"

"Selfish!" cried Tom. "You have acted nobly. To love her as I am sure you do, and yet in consideration for her state of dependence, not even to disclose——"

"What are you talking about, Pinch?" said Martin pettishly: "don't make yourself ridiculous, my good fellow! What do you mean by not disclosing?"

"I beg your pardon," answered Tom. "I thought you meant that, or I wouldn't have said it."

"If I didn't tell her I loved her, where would be the use of my being in love?" said Martin: "unless to keep myself in a perpetual state of worry and vexation?"

"That's true," Tom answered. "Well! I can guess what *she* said when you told her?" he added, glancing at Martin's handsome face.

"Why, not exactly, Pinch," he rejoined, with a slight frown: "because she has some girlish notions about duty and gratitude, and all the rest of it, which are rather hard to fathom; but in the main you are right. Her heart was mine, I found."

"Just what I supposed," said Tom. "Quite natural!" and, in his great satisfaction, he took a long sip out of his wine-glass.

"Although I had conducted myself from the first with the utmost circumspection," pursued Martin, "I had not managed matters so well but that my grandfather, who is full of jealousy and distrust, suspected me of loving her. He said nothing to her, but straightway attacked me in private, and charged me with designing to corrupt the fidelity to himself (there you observe his selfishness), of a young creature whom he had trained and educated to be his only disinterested and faithful companion when he should have disposed of me in marriage to his heart's

content. Upon that, I took fire immediately, and told him that with his good leave I would dispose of myself in marriage, and would rather not be knocked down by him or any other auctioneer to any bidder whomsoever."

Mr. Pinch opened his eyes wider and looked at the fire harder than he had done yet.

"You may be sure," said Martin, "that this nettled him, and that he began to be the very reverse of complimentary to myself. Interview succeeded interview; words engendered words, as they always do; and the upshot of it was, that I was to renounce her, or be renounced by him. Now you must bear in mind, Pinch, that I am not only desperately fond of her (for though she is poor, her beauty and intellect would reflect great credit on anybody, I don't care of what pretensions, who might become her husband), but that a chief ingredient in my composition is a most determined—"

"Obstinacy," suggested Tom in perfect good faith. But the suggestion was not so well received as he had expected; for the young man immediately rejoined, with some irritation,

"What a fellow you are, Pinch!"

"I beg your pardon," said Tom, "I thought you wanted a word."

"I didn't want that word," he rejoined. "I told you obstinacy was no part of my character, did I not? I was going to say, if you had given me leave, that a chief ingredient in my composition is a most determined firmness."

"Oh!" cried Tom, screwing up his mouth, and nodding. "Yes, yes; I see!"

"And being firm," pursued Martin, "of course I was not going to yield to him, or give way by so much as the thousandth part of an inch."

"No, no," said Tom.

"On the contrary; the more he urged, the more I was determined to oppose him."

"To be sure!" said Tom.

"Very well," rejoined Martin, throwing himself back in his chair, with a careless wave of both hands, as if the subject were quite settled, and nothing more could be said about it—"There is an end of the matter, and here am I!"

Mr. Pinch sat staring at the fire for some minutes with a puzzled look, such as he might have assumed if some uncommonly difficult conundrum had been proposed, which he found it impossible to guess. At length he said:

"Pecksniff, of course, you had known before?"

"Only by name. No, I had never seen him, for my grandfather kept not only himself but me, aloof from all his relations. But our separation took place in a town in the adjoining county. From that place I came to Salisbury, and there I saw Pecksniff's advertisement, which I answered, having always had some natural taste, I believe, in the matters to which it referred, and thinking it might suit me. As soon as I found it to be his, I was doubly bent on coming to him if possible, on account of his being—"

"Such an excellent man," interposed Tom, rubbing his hands: "so he is. You were quite right."

"Why not so much on that account, if the truth must be spoken," returned Martin, "as because my grandfather has an inveterate dislike to him, and after the old man's arbitrary treatment of me I had a natural desire to run as directly counter to all his opinions as I could. Well! as I said before, here I am. My engagement with the young lady I have been telling you about, is likely to be a tolerably long one; for neither her prospects, nor mine, are very bright; and of course I shall not think of marrying until I am well able to do so. It would never do, you know, for me to be plunging myself into poverty and shabbiness and love in one room up three pair of stairs, and all that sort of thing."

"To say nothing of her," remarked Tom Pinch, in a low voice.

"Exactly so," rejoined Martin, rising to warm his back, and leaning against the chimney-piece. "To say nothing of her. At the same time, of course it's not very hard upon her to be obliged to yield to the necessity of the case: first, because she loves me very much; and secondly, because I have sacrificed a great deal on her account, and might have done much better, you know."

It was a very long time before Tom said "Certainly;" so long, that he might have taken a nap in the interval, but he did say it at last.

"Now, there is one odd coincidence connected with this love-story," said Martin, "which brings it to an end. You remember what you told me last night as we were coming here, about your pretty visitor in the church?"

"Surely I do," said Tom, rising from his stool, and seating himself in the chair from which the other had lately risen, that he might see his face. "Undoubtedly."

"That was she."

"I knew what you were going to say," cried Tom, looking fixedly at him, and speaking very softly. "You don't tell me so?"

"That was she," repeated the young man. "After what I have heard from Pecksniff, I have no doubt that she came and went with my grandfather.—Don't you drink too much of that sour wine, or you'll have a fit of some sort, Pinch, I see."

"It is not very wholesome, I am afraid," said Tom, setting down the empty glass he had for some time held. "So that was she, was it?"

Martin nodded assent: and adding, with a restless impatience, that if he had been a few days earlier he would have seen her; and that now she might be, for anything he knew, hundreds of miles away; threw himself, after a few turns across the room, into a chair, and chafed like a spoiled child.

Tom Pinch's heart was very tender, and he could not bear to see the most indifferent person in distress; still less one who had awakened an interest in him, and who regarded him (either in fact, or as he supposed) with kindness, and in a spirit of lenient construction. Whatever his own thoughts had been a few moments before—and to judge from his face they must have been pretty serious—he dismissed them instantly, and gave his young friend the best counsel and comfort that occurred to him.

"All will be well in time," said Tom, "I have no doubt; and some trial and adversity just now will only serve to make you more attached to each other in better days. I have always read that the truth is so, and I have a feeling within me, which tells me how natural and right it is that it should be. What never ran smooth yet," said Tom, with a smile, which despite the homeliness of his face, was pleasanter to see than many a proud beauty's brightest glance: "what never ran smooth yet, can hardly be expected to change its character for us; so we must take it as we find it, and fashion it into the very best shape we can, by patience and good-humour. I have no power at all; I needn't tell you that; but I have an excellent will; and if I could ever be of use to you, in any way whatever, how very glad I should be!"

"Thank you," said Martin, shaking his hand. "You're a good fellow, upon my word, and speak very kindly. Of course, you know," he added, after a moment's pause, as he drew his chair towards the fire again, "I should not hesitate to avail myself of your services if you could help me at all; but mercy on us!"—Here he rumbled his hair impatiently with his hand, and looked at Tom as if he took it rather ill that he was not somebody else—"You might as well be a toasting-fork or a frying-pan, Pinch, for any help you can render me."

"Except in the inclination," said Tom, gently.

"Oh! to be sure. I meant that, of course. If inclination went for anything, I shouldn't want help. I tell you what you may do, though, if you will—at the present moment too."

"What is that?" demanded Tom.

"Read to me."

"I shall be delighted," cried Tom, catching up the candle, with enthusiasm. "Excuse my leaving you in the dark a moment, and I'll fetch a book directly. What will you like? Shakspeare?"

"Ay!" replied his friend, yawning and stretching himself. "He'll do. I am tired with the bustle of to-day, and the novelty of everything about me; and in such a case, there's no greater luxury in the world, I think, than being read to sleep. You won't mind my going to sleep, if I can?"

"Not at all!" cried Tom.

"Then begin as soon as you like. You needn't leave off when you see me getting drowsy (unless you feel tired), for it's pleasant to wake gradually to the sounds again. Did you ever try that?"

"No, I never tried that," said Tom.

"Well! You can, you know, one of these days when we're both in the right humour. Don't mind leaving me in the dark. Look sharp!"

Mr. Pinch lost no time in moving away; and in a minute or two returned with one of the precious volumes from the shelf beside his bed. Martin had in the meantime made himself as comfortable as circumstances would permit, by constructing before the fire a temporary sofa of three chairs with Mercy's stool for a pillow, and lying down at full-length upon it.

"Don't be too loud, please," he said to Pinch.

"No, no," said Tom.

"You're sure you're not cold?"

"Not at all!" cried Tom.

"I am quite ready then."

Mr. Pinch accordingly, after turning over the leaves of his book with as much care as if they were living and highly cherished creatures, made his own selection, and began to read. Before he had completed fifty lines, his friend was snoring.

"Poor fellow!" said Tom, softly, as he stretched out his head to peep at him over the backs of the chairs. "He is very young to have so much trouble. How trustful and generous in him to bestow all this confidence in me. And that was she, was it?"

But suddenly remembering their compact, he took up the poem at the place where he had left off, and went on reading; always forgetting to snuff the candle, until its wick looked like a mushroom. He gradually became so much interested, that he quite forgot to replenish the fire; and was only reminded of his neglect by Martin Chuzzlewit starting up after the lapse of an hour or so, and crying with a shiver:

"Why, it's nearly out, I declare! No wonder I dreamed of being frozen. Do call for some coals. What a fellow you are, Pinch!"

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH MR. CHEVY SLYME ASSERTS THE INDEPENDENCE OF HIS SPIRIT;
AND THE BLUE DRAGON LOSES A LIMB.

MARTIN began to work at the grammar-school next morning, with so much vigour and expedition, that Mr. Pinch had new reason to do homage to the natural endowments of that young gentleman, and to acknowledge his infinite superiority to himself. The new pupil received Tom's compliments very graciously; and having by this time conceived a real regard for him, in his own peculiar way, predicted that they would always be the very best of friends, and that neither of them, he was certain (but particularly Tom), would ever have reason to regret the day on which they became acquainted. Mr. Pinch was delighted to hear him say this, and felt so much flattered by his kind assurances of friendship and protection, that he was at a loss how to express the pleasure they afforded him. And indeed it may be observed of this friendship, such as it was, that it had within it more likely materials of endurance than many a sworn brotherhood that has been rich in promise; for so long as the one party found a pleasure in patronising, and the other in being patronised (which was in the very essence of their respective characters), it was of all possible events among the least probable, that the twin demons, Envy and Pride, would ever arise between them. So in very many cases of friendship, or what passes for it, the old axiom is reversed, and like clings to unlike more than to like.

They were both very busy on the afternoon succeeding the family's departure—Martin with the grammar-school, and Tom in balancing certain receipts of rents, and deducting Mr. Pecksniff's commission from the same; in which abstruse employment he was much distracted by a habit his new friend had of whistling aloud, while he was drawing—when they were not a little startled by the unexpected obtrusion into that sanctuary of genius, of a human head, which although a shaggy and somewhat alarming head, in appearance, smiled affably upon them from the doorway, in a manner that was at once waggish, conciliatory, and expressive of approbation.

"I am not industrious myself, gents both," said the head, "but I know how to appreciate that quality in others. I wish I may turn gray and ugly, if it isn't, in my opinion, next to genius, one of the very charmingest qualities of the human mind. Upon my soul, I am grateful to my friend Pecksniff for helping me to the contemplation of such a delicious picture as you present. You remind me of Whittington, afterwards thrice Lord Mayor of London. I give you my unsullied word of honour, that you very strongly remind me of that historical character. You are a pair of Whittingtons, gents, without the cat; which is a most agreeable and blessed exception to me, for I am not attached to the feline species. My name is Tigg; how do you do?"

Martin looked to Mr. Pinch for an explanation; and Tom, who had never in his life set eyes on Mr. Tigg before, looked to that gentleman himself.

"Chevy Slyme?" said Mr. Tigg, interrogatively, and kissing his left hand in token of friendship. "You will understand me when I say that I am the accredited agent of Chevy Slyme—that I am the ambassador from the court of Chiv? Ha ha!"

"Heyday!" asked Martin, starting at the mention of a name he knew. "Pray, what does he want with me?"

"If your name is Pinch"—Mr. Tigg began.

"It is not," said Martin, checking himself. "That is Mr. Pinch."

"If that is Mr. Pinch," cried Tigg, kissing his hand again, and beginning to follow his head into the room, "he will permit me to say that I greatly esteem and respect his character, which has been most highly commended to me by my friend Pecksniff; and that I deeply appreciate his talent for the organ, notwithstanding that I do not, if I may use the expression, grind, myself. If that is Mr. Pinch, I will venture to express a hope that I see him well, and that he is suffering no inconvenience from the easterly wind?"

"Thank you," said Tom. "I am very well."

"That is a comfort," Mr. Tigg rejoined. "Then," he added, shielding his lips with the palm of his hand, and applying them close to Mr. Pinch's ear, "I have come for the letter."

"For the letter?" said Tom, aloud. "What letter?"

"The letter," whispered Tigg, in the same cautious manner as before, "which my friend Pecksniff addressed to Chevy Slyme, Esquire, and left with you."

"He didn't leave any letter with me," said Tom.

"Hush!" cried the other. "It's all the same thing, though not so delicately done by my friend Pecksniff as I could have wished—the money."

"The money!" cried Tom, quite scared.

"Exactly so," said Mr. Tigg. With which he rapped Tom twice or thrice upon the breast and nodded several times, as though he would say, that he saw they understood each other; that it was unnecessary to mention the circumstance before a third person; and that he would take it as a particular favour if Tom would slip the amount into his hand, as quietly as possible.

Mr. Pinch, however, was so very much astounded by this (to him) inexplicable deportment, that he at once openly declared there must be some mistake, and that he had been entrusted with no commission whatever having any reference to Mr. Tigg or to his friend either.—Mr. Tigg received this declaration with a grave request that Mr. Pinch would have the goodness to make it again; and on Tom's repeating it in a still more emphatic and unmistakeable manner, checked it off, sentence for sentence, by nodding his head solemnly at the end of each. When it had come to a close for the second time, Mr. Tigg sat himself down in a chair and addressed the young men as follows:

"Then I tell you what it is, gents both. There is at this present moment in this very place, a perfect constellation of talent and genius, who is involved, through what I cannot but designate as the culpable negligence of my friend Pecksniff, in a situation as tremendous, perhaps, as the social intercourse of the nineteenth century will readily admit of. There is actually at this instant, at the Blue Dragon in this village—an alehouse observe; a common, paltry, low-minded, clodhopping pipe-smoking alehouse—an individual, of whom it may be said, in the language of the Poet, that nobody but himself can in any way come up to him; who is detained there for his bill. Ha! ha! For his bill. I repeat it—for his bill. Now" said Mr. Tigg, "we have heard of Fox's Book of Martyrs, I believe, and we have heard of the Court of Requests, and the Star Chamber; but I fear the contradiction of no man alive or dead, when I assert that my friend Chevy Slyme being held in pawn for a bill, beats any amount of cock-fighting with which I am acquainted."

Martin and Mr. Pinch looked, first at each other, and afterwards at Mr. Tigg, who with his arms folded on his breast surveyed them, half in despondency and half in bitterness.

"Don't mistake me, gents both," he said, stretching forth his right hand. "If it had been for anything but a bill, I could have borne it, and could still have looked upon mankind with some feeling of respect: but when such a man as my friend Slyme is detained for a score—a thing in itself essentially mean; a low performance on a slate, or possibly chalked upon the back of a door—I do feel that there is a screw of such magnitude loose somewhere, that the whole framework of society is shaken, and the very first principles of things can no longer be trusted. In short, gents both," said Mr. Tigg with a passionate flourish of his hands and head, "when a man like Slyme is detained for such a thing

as a bill, I reject the superstitions of ages, and believe nothing. I don't even believe that I *don't* believe, curse me if I do!"

"I am very sorry I am sure," said Tom after a pause, "but Mr. Pecksniff said nothing to me about it, and I couldn't act without his instructions. Wouldn't it be better, sir, if you were to go to—to wherever you came from—yourself, and remit the money to your friend?"

"How can that be done, when I am detained also?" said Mr. Tigg; "and when moreover, owing to the astounding, and I must add, guilty negligence of my friend Pecksniff, I have no money for coach-hire?"

Tom thought of reminding the gentleman (who, no doubt, in his agitation had forgotten it) that there was a post-office in the land; and that possibly if he wrote to some friend or agent for a remittance it might not be lost upon the road; or at all events that the chance, however desperate, was worth trusting to. But as his good-nature presently suggested to him certain reasons for abstaining from this hint, he paused again, and then asked:

"Did you say, Sir, that you were detained also?"

"Come here," said Mr. Tigg, rising. "You have no objection to my opening this window for a moment?"

"Certainly not," said Tom.

"Very good," said Mr. Tigg, lifting the sash. "You see a fellow down there in a red neckcloth and no waistcoat?"

"Of course I do," cried Tom. "That's Mark Tapley."

"Mark Tapley is it?" said the gentleman. "Then Mark Tapley had not only the great politeness to follow me to this house, but is waiting now, to see me home again. And for that act of attention, Sir," added Mr. Tigg, stroking his moustache, "I can tell you, that Mark Tapley had better in his infancy have been fed to suffocation by Mrs. Tapley, than preserved to this time."

Mr. Pinch was not so dismayed by this terrible threat, but that he had voice enough to call to Mark to come in, and up stairs; a summons which he so speedily obeyed, that almost as soon as Tom and Mr. Tigg had drawn in their heads and closed the window again, he the denounced appeared before them.

"Come here, Mark!" said Mr. Pinch. "Good gracious me! what's the matter between Mrs. Lupin and this gentleman?"

"What gentleman, Sir?" said Mark. "I don't see no gentleman here, Sir, excepting you and the new gentleman," to whom he made a rough kind of bow—"and there's nothing wrong between Mrs. Lupin and either of you, Mr. Pinch, I am sure."

"Nonsense, Mark!" cried Tom. "You see Mr.—"

"Tigg," interposed that gentleman. "Wait a bit. I shall crush him soon. All in good time!"

"Oh *him*!" rejoined Mark, with an air of careless defiance. "Yes, I see *him*. I could see him a little better, if he'd shave himself, and get his hair cut."

Mr. Tigg shook his head with a ferocious look, and smote himself once upon the breast.

"It's no use," said Mark. "If you knock ever so much in that

quarter, you'll get no answer. I know better. There's nothing there but padding: and a greasy sort it is."

"Nay, Mark," urged Mr. Pinch, interposing to prevent hostilities, "tell me what I ask you. You're not out of temper, I hope?"

"Out of temper, Sir!" cried Mark, with a grin; "why no, Sir. There's a little credit—not much—in being jolly, when such fellows as him is a going about like roaring lions: if there *is* any breed of lions, at least, as is all roar and mane. What is there between him and Mrs. Lupin, Sir? Why, there's a score between him and Mrs. Lupin. And I think Mrs. Lupin lets him and his friend off very easy in not charging 'em double prices for being a disgrace to the Dragon. That's my opinion. I wouldn't have any such Peter the Wild Boy as him in my house, Sir, not if I was paid race-week prices for it. He's enough to turn the very beer in the casks sour, with his looks: he is! So he would, if it had judgment enough."

"You're not answering my question, you know, Mark," observed Mr. Pinch.

"Well, sir," said Mark, "I don't know as there's much to answer further than that. Him and his friend goes and stops at the Moon and Stars till they've run a bill there; and then comes and stops with us and does the same. The running of bills is common enough, Mr. Pinch; it an't that as we object to; it's the ways of this chap. Nothing's good enough for him; all the women is dying for him he thinks, and is overpaid if he winks at 'em; and all the men was made to be ordered about by him. This not being aggravation enough, he says this morning to me, in his usual captivating way, 'We're going to night, my man.' 'Are you, sir?' says I. 'Perhaps you'd like the bill got ready, sir?' 'Oh no, my man,' he says; 'you needn't mind that. I'll give Pecksniff orders to see to that.' In reply to which, the Dragon makes answer, 'Thankee, sir, you're very kind to honour us so far, but as we don't know any particular good of you, and you don't travel with luggage, and Mr. Pecksniff an't at home (which perhaps you mayn't happen to be aware of, sir), we should prefer something more satisfactory;' and that's where the matter stands. And I ask," said Mr. Tapley, pointing, in conclusion, to Mr. Tigg, with his hat, "any lady or gentleman, possessing ordinary strength of mind, to say, whether he's a disagreeable-looking chap or not!"

"Let me inquire," said Martin, interposing between this candid speech and the delivery of some blighting anathema by Mr. Tigg, "what the amount of this debt may be."

"In point of money, Sir, very little," answered Mark. "Only just turned of three pounds. But it an't that; it's the——"

"Yes, yes, you told us so before," said Martin. "Pinch, a word with you."

"What is it?" asked Tom, retiring with him to a corner of the room.

"Why, simply—I am ashamed to say—that this Mr. Slyme is a relation of mine, of whom I never heard anything pleasant; and that I don't want him here just now, and think he would be cheaply got rid of, perhaps, for three or four pounds. You haven't enough money to pay this bill, I suppose?"

Tom shook his head to an extent that left no doubt of his entire sincerity.

"That's unfortunate, for I am poor too; and in case you had had it, I'd have borrowed it of you. But if we told this landlady we would see her paid, I suppose that would answer the same purpose?"

"Oh dear, yes!" said Tom. "She knows me, bless you!"

"Then, let us go down at once and tell her so; for the sooner we are rid of their company the better. As you have conducted the conversation with this gentleman hitherto, perhaps you'll tell him what we purpose doing; will you?"

Mr. Pinch complying, at once imparted the intelligence to Mr. Tigg, who shook him warmly by the hand in return, assuring him that his faith in anything and everything was again restored. It was not so much, he said, for the temporary relief of this assistance that he prized it, as for its vindication of the high principle that Nature's Nobs felt with Nature's Nobs, and true greatness of soul sympathised with true greatness of soul, all the world over. It proved to him, he said, that like him they admired genius, even when it was coupled with the alloy occasionally visible in the metal of his friend Slyme; and on behalf of that friend, he thanked them; as warmly and heartily as if the cause were his own. Being cut short in these speeches by a general move towards the stairs, he took possession at the street-door of the lapel of Mr. Pinch's coat, as a security against further interruption; and entertained that gentleman with some highly improving discourse until they reached the Dragon, whither they were closely followed by Mark and the new pupil.

The rosy hostess scarcely needed Mr. Pinch's word as a preliminary to the release of her two visitors, of whom she was glad to be rid on any terms: indeed, their brief detention had originated mainly with Mr. Tapley, who entertained a constitutional dislike to gentlemen out-at-elbows who flourished on false pretences; and had conceived a particular aversion to Mr. Tigg and his friend, as choice specimens of the species. The business in hand thus easily settled, Mr. Pinch and Martin would have withdrawn immediately, but for the urgent entreaties of Mr. Tigg that they would allow him the honour of presenting them to his friend Slyme, which were so very difficult of resistance that, yielding partly to these persuasions and partly to their own curiosity, they suffered themselves to be ushered into the presence of that distinguished gentleman.

He was brooding over the remains of yesterday's decanter of brandy, and was engaged in the thoughtful occupation of making a chain of rings on the top of the table with the wet foot of his drinking-glass. Wretched and forlorn as he looked, Mr. Slyme had once been, in his way, the choicest of swaggerers: putting forth his pretensions, boldly, as a man of infinite taste and most undoubted promise. The stock-in-trade requisite to set up an amateur in this department of business, is very slight and easily got together; a trick of the nose and a curl of the lip sufficient to compound a tolerable sneer, being ample provision for any exigency. But, in an evil hour, this off-shoot of the Chuzzlewit trunk, being lazy, and ill qualified for any regular pursuit, and having dissipated such means as he ever possessed, had formally established himself as a

for a tavern bill! I! Obligated to two architect's apprentices—fellows who measure earth with iron chains, and build houses like bricklayers. Give me the names of those two apprentices. How dare they oblige me!"

Mr. Tigg was quite lost in admiration of this noble trait in his friend's character; as he made known to Mr. Pinch in a neat little ballet of action, spontaneously invented for the purpose.

"I'll let 'em know, and I'll let all men know," cried Chevy Slyme, "that I'm none of the mean, grovelling, tame characters they meet with commonly. I have an independent spirit. I have a heart that swells in my bosom. I have a soul that rises superior to base considerations."

"O, Chiv, Chiv," murmured Mr. Tigg, "you have a nobly independent nature, Chiv!"

"You go and do your duty, sir," said Mr. Slyme, angrily, "and borrow money for travelling expenses; and whoever you borrow it of, let 'em know that I possess a haughty spirit, and a proud spirit, and have infernally finely-touched chords in my nature, which won't brook patronage. Do you hear? Tell 'em I hate 'em, and that that's the way I preserve my self-respect; and tell 'em that no man ever respected himself more than I do!"

He might have added that he hated two sorts of men; all those who did him favours, and all those who were better off than himself; as in either case their position was an insult to a man of his stupendous merits. But he did not; for with the apt closing words above recited, Mr. Slyme—of too haughty a stomach to work, to beg, to borrow, or to steal; yet mean enough to be worked or borrowed, begged or stolen for, by any catspaw that would serve his turn; too insolent to lick the hand that fed him in his need, yet cur enough to bite and tear it in the dark—with these apt closing words, Mr. Slyme fell forward with his head upon the table, and so declined into a sodden sleep.

"Was there ever," cried Mr. Tigg, joining the young men at the door, and shutting it carefully behind him, "such an independent spirit as is possessed by that extraordinary creature? Was there ever such a Roman as our friend Chiv? Was there ever a man of such a purely classical turn of thought, and of such a toga-like simplicity of nature? Was there ever a man with such a flow of eloquence? Might he not, gents both, I ask, have sat upon a tripod in the ancient times, and prophesied to a perfectly unlimited extent, if previously supplied with gin-and-water at the public cost?"

Mr. Pinch was about to contest this latter position with his usual mildness, when, observing that his companion had already gone downstairs, he prepared to follow him.

"You are not going, Mr. Pinch?" said Tigg.

"Thank you," answered Tom. "Yes. Don't come down."

"Do you know that I should like one little word in private with you, Mr. Pinch?" said Tigg, following him. "One minute of your company in the skittle-ground would very much relieve my mind. Might I beseech that favour?"

"Oh, certainly," replied Tom, "if you really wish it." So he accompanied Mr. Tigg to the retreat in question: on arriving at which place

that gentleman took from his hat what seemed to be the fossil remains of an antediluvian pocket-handkerchief, and wiped his eyes therewith.

"You have not beheld me this day," said Mr. Tigg, "in a favourable light."

"Don't mention that," said Tom, "I beg."

"But you have *not*," cried Tigg. "I must persist in that opinion. If you could have seen me, Mr. Pinch, at the head of my regiment on the coast of Africa, charging in the form of a hollow square with the women and children and the regimental plate-chest in the centre, you would not have known me for the same man. You would have respected me, Sir."

Tom had certain ideas of his own upon the subject of glory; and consequently he was not quite so much excited by this picture as Mr. Tigg could have desired.

"But no matter!" said that gentleman. "The school-boy writing home to his parents and describing the milk-and-water, said 'This is indeed weakness.' I repeat that assertion in reference to myself at the present moment: and I ask your pardon. Sir, you have seen my friend Slyme?"

"No doubt," said Mr. Pinch.

"Sir, you have been impressed by my friend Slyme?"

"Not very pleasantly, I must say," answered Tom, after a little hesitation.

"I am grieved but not surprised," cried Mr. Tigg, detaining him by both lapels, "to hear that you have come to that conclusion; for it is my own. But, Mr. Pinch, though I am a rough and thoughtless man, I can honour Mind. I honour Mind in following my friend. To you of all men, Mr. Pinch, I have a right to make appeal on Mind's behalf, when it has not the art to push its fortune in the world. And so, Sir—not for myself, who have no claim upon you, but for my crushed, my sensitive and independent friend, who has—I ask the loan of three half-crowns. I ask you for the loan of three half-crowns, distinctly, and without a blush. I ask it, almost as a right. And when I add that they will be returned by post, this week, I feel that you will blame me for that sordid stipulation."

Mr. Pinch took from his pocket an old-fashioned red-leather purse with a steel-clasp, which had probably once belonged to his deceased grandmother. It held one half-sovereign and no more. All Tom's worldly wealth until next quarter-day.

"Stay!" cried Mr. Tigg, who had watched this proceeding keenly. "I was just about to say, that for the convenience of posting you had better make it gold. Thank you. A general direction, I suppose, to Mr. Pinch, at Mr. Pecksniff's—will that find you?"

"That'll find me," said Tom. "You had better put Esquire to Mr. Pecksniff's name, if you please. Direct to me, you know, at Seth Pecksniff's, Esquire."

"At Seth Pecksniff's, Esquire," repeated Mr. Tigg, taking an exact note of it, with a stump of pencil. "We said this week, I believe?"

"Yes: or Monday will do," observed Tom.

"No no, I beg your pardon. Monday will not do," said Mr. Tigg. "If we stipulated for this week, Saturday is the latest day. Did we stipulate for this week?"

"Since you are so particular about it," said Tom, "I think we did."

Mr. Tigg added this condition to his memorandum; read the entry over to himself with a severe frown; and that the transaction might be the more correct and business-like, appended his initials to the whole. That done, he assured Mr. Pinch that everything was now perfectly regular; and, after squeezing his hand with great fervour, departed.

Tom entertained enough suspicion that Martin might possibly turn this interview into a jest, to render him desirous to avoid the company of that young gentleman for the present. With this view he took a few turns up and down the skittle-ground, and did not re-enter the house until Mr. Tigg and his friend had quitted it, and the new pupil and Mark were watching their departure from one of the windows.

"I was just a saying, sir, that if one could live by it," observed Mark, pointing after their late guests, "that would be the sort of service for me. Waiting on such individuals as them, would be better than grave-digging, sir."

"And staying here would be better than either, Mark," replied Tom. "So take my advice, and continue to swim easily in smooth water."

"It's too late to take it now, sir," said Mark. "I have broke it to her, sir. I am off to-morrow morning."

"Off!" cried Mr. Pinch, "where to?"

"I shall go up to London, sir."

"What to be?" asked Mr. Pinch.

"Well! I don't know yet, sir. Nothing turned up that day I opened my mind to you, as was at all likely to suit me. All them trades I thought of was a deal too jolly; there was no credit at all to be got in any of 'em. I must look for a private service I suppose, sir. I might be brought out strong, perhaps, in a serious family, Mr. Pinch."

"Perhaps you might come out rather too strong for a serious family's taste, Mark."

"That's possible, sir. If I could get into a wicked family, I might do myself justice: but the difficulty is to make sure of one's ground, because a young man can't very well advertise that he wants a place, and wages an't so much an object as a wicked situation; can he, sir?"

"Why, no," said Mr. Pinch, "I don't think he can."

"An envious family," pursued Mark, with a thoughtful face; "or a quarrelsome family, or a malicious family, or even a good out-and-out mean family, would open a field of action as I might do something in. The man as would have suited me of all other men was that old gentleman as was took ill here, for he really was a trying customer. Howsever, I must wait and see what turns turns up, sir; and hope for the worst."

"You are determined to go then?" said Mr. Pinch.

"My box is gone already, sir, by the waggon, and I'm going to walk on to-morrow morning, and get a lift by the day coach when it overtakes me. So I wish you good b'ye, Mr. Pinch—and you too, sir,—and all good luck and happiness!"

They both returned his greeting laughingly, and walked home arm-in-arm: Mr. Pinch imparting to his new friend, as they went, such further particulars of Mark Tapley's whimsical restlessness as the reader is already acquainted with.

In the meantime Mark, having a shrewd notion that his mistress was in very low spirits, and that he could not exactly answer for the consequences of any lengthened *tête à tête* in the bar, kept himself obstinately out of her way all the afternoon and evening. In this piece of generalship he was very much assisted by the great influx of company into the tap-room ; for the news of his intention having gone abroad, there was a perfect throng there all the evening, and much drinking of healths and clinking of mugs. At length the house was closed for the night ; and there being now no help for it, Mark put the best face he could upon the matter, and walked doggedly to the bar-door.

"If I look at her," said Mark to himself, "I'm done. I feel that I'm a going fast."

"You have come at last," said Mrs. Lupin.

Aye, Mark said : There he was.

"And you are determined to leave us, Mark," cried Mrs. Lupin.

"Why, yes ; I am," said Mark ; keeping his eyes hard upon the floor.

"I thought," pursued the landlady, with a most engaging hesitation, "that you had been—fond—of the Dragon ?"

"So I am," said Mark.

"Then," pursued the hostess—and it really was not an unnatural enquiry—"why do you desert it ?"

But as he gave no manner of answer to this question ; not even on its being repeated ; Mrs. Lupin put his money into his hand, and asked him—not unkindly, quite the contrary—what he would take.

It is proverbial that there are certain things which flesh and blood cannot bear. Such a question as this, propounded in such a manner, at such a time, and by such a person, proved (at least, as far as Mark's flesh and blood were concerned) to be one of them. He looked up in spite of himself directly ; and having once looked up, there was no looking down again ; for of all the tight, plump, buxom, bright-eyed, dimple-faced landladies that ever shone on earth, there stood before him then, bodily in that bar, the very pink and pine-apple.

"Why, I tell you what," said Mark, throwing off all his constraint in an instant, and seizing the hostess round the waist—at which she was not at all alarmed, for she knew what a good young man he was—"if I took what I liked most, I should take you. If I only thought of what was best for me, I should take you. If I took what nineteen young fellows in twenty would be glad to take, and would take at any price, I should take you. Yes, I should," cried Mr. Tapley, shaking his head, expressively enough, and looking (in a momentary state of forgetfulness) rather hard at the hostess's ripe lips. "And no man wouldn't wonder if I did !"

Mrs. Lupin said he amazed her. She was astonished how he could say such things. She had never thought it of him.

"Why, I never thought it of myself till now !" said Mark, raising his eyebrows with a look of the merriest possible surprise. "I always expected we should part, and never have no explanation ; I meant to do it when I come in here just now ; but there's something about you, as makes a man sensible. Then let us have a word or two together : letting

it be understood beforehand—" he added this in a grave tone, to prevent the possibility of any mistake—"that I'm not a going to make no love, you know."

There was for just one second a shade—though not by any means a dark one—on the landlady's open brow. But it passed off instantly, in a laugh that came from her very heart.

"Oh, very good!" she said; "if there is to be no love-making, you had better take your arm away."

"Lord, why should I!" cried Mark. "It's quite innocent."

"Of course it's innocent," returned the hostess, "or I shouldn't allow it."

"Very well!" said Mark. "Then let it be."

There was so much reason in this, that the landlady laughed again, suffered it to remain, and bade him say what he had to say, and be quick about it. But he was an impudent fellow, she added.

"Ha ha! I almost think I am!" cried Mark, "though I never thought so before. Why, I can say anything to-night!"

"Say what you're going to say if you please, and be quick," returned the landlady, "for I want to get to bed."

"Why, then, my dear good soul," said Mark, "and a kinder woman than you are, never drawed breath—let me see the man as says she did—what would be the likely consequence of us two being—"

"Oh nonsense!" cried Mrs. Lupin. "Don't talk about that any more."

"No no, but it an't nonsense," said Mark; "and I wish you'd attend. What would be the likely consequence of us two being married? If I can't be content and comfortable in this here lively Dragon now, is it to be looked for as I should be then? By no means. Very good. Then you, even with your good humour, would be always on the fret and worrit, always uncomfortable in your own mind, always a thinking as you was getting too old for my taste, always a picturing me to yourself as being chained up to the Dragon door, and wanting to break away. I don't know that it would be so," said Mark, "but I don't know that it mightn't be. I *am* a roving sort of chap, I know. I'm fond of change. I'm always a thinking that with my good health and spirits it would be more creditable in me to be jolly where there's things a going on, to make one dismal. It may be a mistake of mine, you see, but nothing short of trying how it acts, will set it right. Then an't it best that I should go: particular when your free way has helped me out to say all this, and we can part as good friends as we have ever been since first I entered this here noble Dragon, which" said Mr. Tapley in conclusion, "has my good word and my good wish, to the day of my death!"

The hostess sat quite silent for a little time, but she very soon put both her hands in Mark's and shook them heartily.

"For you are a good man," she said; looking into his face with a smile, which was rather serious for her. "And I do believe have been a better friend to me to-night than ever I have had in all my life."

"Oh! as to that, you know," said Mark, "that's nonsense. But love my heart alive!" he added, looking at her in a sort of rapture, "if

you *are* that way disposed, what a lot of suitable husbands there is as you may drive distracted !”

She laughed again at this compliment ; and, once more shaking him by both hands, and bidding him, if he should ever want a friend, to remember her, turned gaily from the little bar and up the Dragon staircase.

“Humming a tune as she goes,” said Mark, listening, “in case I should think she’s at all put out, and should be made down-hearted. Come, here’s some credit in being jolly, at last !”

With that piece of comfort, very ruefully uttered, he went, in any-thing but a jolly manner, to bed.

He rose early next morning, and was a-foot soon after sunrise. But it was of no use ; the whole place was up to see Mark Tapley off : the boys, the dogs, the children, the old men, the busy people and the idlers : there they were, all calling out “Good by’e, Mark,” after their own manner, and all sorry he was going. Somehow he had a kind of sense that his old mistress was peeping from her chamber-window, but he couldn’t make up his mind to look back.

“Good by’e one, good by’e all !” cried Mark, waving his hat on the top of his walking-stick, as he strode at a quick pace up the little street. “Hearty chaps them wheelwrights—hurrah ! Here’s the butcher’s dog a-coming out of the garden—down, old fellow ! And Mr. Pinch a-going to his organ—good by’e, sir ! And the terrier-bitch from over the way—hie, then, lass ! And children enough to hand down human natur to the latest posterity—good by’e, boys and girls ! There’s some credit in it now. I’m a-coming out strong at last. These are the circumstances as would try a ordinary mind ; but I’m uncommon jolly ; not quite as jolly as I could wish to be, but very near. Good by’e ! good by’e !”

CHAPTER VIII.

ACCOMPANIES MR. PECKSNIFF AND HIS CHARMING DAUGHTERS TO THE CITY OF LONDON ; AND RELATES WHAT FELL OUT, UPON THEIR WAY THITHER.

WHEN Mr. Pecksniff and the two young ladies got into the heavy coach at the end of the lane, they found it empty, which was a great comfort ; particularly as the outside was quite full and the passengers looked very frosty. For as Mr. Pecksniff justly observed—when he and his daughters had burrowed their feet deep in the straw, wrapped themselves to the chin, and pulled up both windows—it is always satisfactory to feel, in keen weather, that many other people are not as warm as you are. And this, he said, was quite natural, and a very beautiful arrangement ; not confined to coaches, but extending itself into many social ramifications. “For” (he observed), “if every one were warm and well-fed, we should lose the satisfaction of admiring the fortitude with

which certain conditions of men bear cold and hunger. And if we were no better off than anybody else, what would become of our sense of gratitude ; which," said Mr. Pecksniff with tears in his eyes, as he shook his fist at a beggar who wanted to get up behind, "is one of the holiest feelings of our common nature."

His children heard with becoming reverence these moral precepts from the lips of their father, and signified their acquiescence in the same, by smiles. That he might the better feed and cherish that sacred flame of gratitude in his breast, Mr. Pecksniff remarked that he would trouble his eldest daughter, even in this early stage of their journey, for the brandy-bottle. And from the narrow neck of that stone vessel, he imbibed a copious refreshment.

"What are we ?" said Mr. Pecksniff, "but coaches ? Some of us are slow coaches"—

"Goodness, Pa !" cried Charity.

"Some of us, I say," resumed her parent with increased emphasis, "are slow coaches ; some of us are fast coaches. Our passions are the horses ; and rampant animals too !" —

"Really Pa !" cried both the daughters at once. "How very unpleasant."

"And rampant animals too !" repeated Mr. Pecksniff, with so much determination, that he may be said to have exhibited, at the moment, a sort of moral rampancy himself :—"and Virtue is the drag. We start from The Mother's Arms, and we run to The Dust Shovel."

When he had said this, Mr. Pecksniff, being exhausted, took some further refreshment. When he had done that, he corked the bottle tight, with the air of a man who had effectually corked the subject also ; and went to sleep for three stages.

The tendency of mankind when it falls asleep in coaches, is to wake up cross ; to find its legs in its way ; and its corns an aggravation. Mr. Pecksniff not being exempt from the common lot of humanity, found himself, at the end of his nap, so decidedly the victim of these infirmities, that he had an irresistible inclination to visit them upon his daughters ; which he had already begun to do in the shape of divers random kicks, and other unexpected motions of his shoes, when the coach stopped, and after a short delay, the door was opened.

"Now mind," said a thin sharp voice in the dark. "I and my son go inside, because the roof is full, but you agree only to charge us outside prices. It's quite understood that we won't pay more. Is it ?"

"All right, sir," replied the guard.

"Is there anybody inside now ?" inquired the voice.

"Three passengers," returned the guard.

"Then I ask the three passengers to witness this bargain, if they will be so good," said the voice. "My boy, I think we may safely get in."

In pursuance of which opinion, two people took their seats in the vehicle, which was solemnly licensed by Act of Parliament to carry any six persons who could be got in at the door.

"That was lucky !" whispered the old man, when they moved on again. "And a great stroke of policy in you to observe it. He, he, he ! We couldn't have gone outside. I should have died of the rheumatism !"

Whether it occurred to the dutiful son that he had in some degree over-reached himself by contributing to the prolongation of his father's days ; or whether the cold had affected his temper ; is doubtful. But he gave his father such a nudge in reply, that that good old gentleman was taken with a cough which lasted for full five minutes, without intermission, and goaded Mr. Pecksniff to that pitch of irritation, that he said at last—and very suddenly—

"There is no room ! There is really no room in this coach for any gentleman with a cold in his head !"

"Mine," said the old man, after a moment's pause, "is upon my chest, Pecksniff."

The voice and manner, together, now that he spoke out ; the composure of the speaker ; the presence of his son ; and his knowledge of Mr. Pecksniff ; afforded a clue to his identity which it was impossible to mistake.

"Hem ! I thought," said Mr. Pecksniff, returning to his usual mildness, "that I addressed a stranger. I find that I address a relative. Mr. Anthony Chuzzlewit and his son Mr. Jonas—for they, my dear children, are our travelling companions—will excuse me for an apparently harsh remark. It is not *my* desire to wound the feelings of any person with whom I am connected in family bonds. I may be a Hypocrite," said Mr. Pecksniff, cuttingly, "but I am not a Brute."

"Pooh, pooh!" said the old man. "What signifies that word, Pecksniff? Hypocrite! why, we are all hypocrites. We were all hypocrites to other day. I am sure I felt that to be agreed upon among us, or I shouldn't have called you one. We should not have been there at all, if we had not been hypocrites. The only difference between you and the rest was—shall I tell you the difference between you and the rest now, Pecksniff?"

"If you please, my good sir ; if you please."

"Why, the annoying quality in *you*, is," said the old man, "that you never have a confederate or partner in *your* juggling ; you would deceive everybody, even those who practise the same art ; and have a way with you, as if you—he, he, he !—as if you really believed yourself. I'd lay a handsome wager now," said the old man, "if I laid wagers, which I don't and never did, that you keep up appearances by a tacit understanding, even before your own daughters here. Now I, when I have a business scheme in hand, tell Jonas what it is, and we discuss it openly. You're not offended, Pecksniff?"

"Offended, my good sir!" cried that gentleman, as if he had received the highest compliments that language could convey.

"Are you travelling to London, Mr. Pecksniff?" asked the son.

"Yes, Mr. Jonas, we are travelling to London. We shall have the pleasure of your company all the way, I trust?"

"Oh! ecod, you had better ask father that," said Jonas. "I am not a going to commit myself."

Mr. Pecksniff was, as a matter of course, greatly entertained by this retort. His mirth having subsided, Mr. Jonas gave him to understand that himself and parent were in fact travelling to their home in the metropolis : and that, since the memorable day of the great family

gathering, they had been tarrying in that part of the country, watching the sale of certain eligible investments, which they had had in their copartnership eye when they came down ; for it was their custom, Mr. Jonas said, whenever such a thing was practicable, to kill two birds with one stone, and never to throw away sprats, but as bait for whales. When he had communicated, to Mr. Pecksniff, these pithy scraps of intelligence, he said "That if it was all the same to him, he would turn him over to father, and have a chat with the gals;" and in furtherance of this polite scheme, he vacated his seat adjoining that gentleman, and established himself in the opposite corner, next to the fair Miss Mercy.

The education of Mr. Jonas had been conducted from his cradle on the strictest principles of the main chance. The very first word he learnt to spell was "gain," and the second (when he got into two syllables), "money." But for two results, which were not clearly foreseen perhaps by his watchful parent in the beginning, his training may be said to have been unexceptionable. One of these flaws was, that having been long taught by his father to over-reach everybody, he had imperceptibly acquired a love of over-reaching that venerable monitor himself. The other, that from his early habits of considering everything as a question of property, he had gradually come to look, with impatience, on his parent as a certain amount of personal estate, which had no right whatever to be going at large, but ought to be secured in that particular description of iron safe which is commonly called a coffin, and banked in the grave.

"Well, cousin!" said Mr. Jonas—"Because we *are* cousins, you know, a few times removed—So you're going to London?"

Miss Mercy replied in the affirmative, pinching her sister's arm at the same time, and giggling excessively.

"Lots of beaux in London, cousin!" said Mr. Jonas, slightly advancing his elbow.

"Indeed, sir!" cried the young lady. "They won't hurt us, sir, I dare say." And having given him this answer with great demureness, she was so overcome by her own humour, that she was fain to stifle her merriment in her sister's shawl.

"Merry," cried that more prudent damsel, "really I am ashamed of you. How can you go on so? you wild thing!" At which Miss Merry only laughed the more, of course.

"I saw a wildness in her eye, t'other day," said Mr. Jonas, addressing Charity. "But you're the one to sit solemn! I say—you were regularly prim, cousin!"

"Oh! The old-fashioned fright!" cried Merry, in a whisper. "Cherry, my dear, upon my word you must sit next him. I shall die outright if he talks to me any more; I shall positively!" To prevent which fatal consequence, the buoyant creature skipped out of her seat as she spoke, and squeezed her sister into the place from which she had risen.

"Don't mind crowding me," cried Mr. Jonas. "I like to be crowded by gals. Come a little closer, cousin."

"No, thank you, sir," said Charity.

"There's that other one a laughing again," said Mr. Jonas; "she's a laughing at my father, I shouldn't wonder. If he puts on that old

flannel nightcap of his, I don't know what she'll do! Is that my father a snoring, Pecksniff?"

"Yes, Mr. Jonas."

"Tread upon his foot, will you be so good?" said the young gentleman. "The foot next you's the gouty one."

Mr. Pecksniff hesitating to perform this friendly office, Mr. Jonas did it himself; at the same time crying—

"Come, wake up, father, or you'll be having the nightmare, and screeching out, *I* know.—Do you ever have the nightmare, cousin?" he asked his neighbour, with characteristic gallantry, as he dropped his voice again.

"Sometimes," answered Charity. "Not often."

"The other one," said Mr. Jonas, after a pause. "Does *she* ever have the nightmare?"

"I don't know," replied Charity. "You had better ask her."

"She laughs so;" said Jonas; "there's no talking to her. Only hark how's she a going on now! You're the sensible one, cousin!"

"Tut, tut!" cried Charity.

"Oh! But you are! You know you are!"

"Mercy is a little giddy," said Miss Charity. "But she'll sober down in time."

"It'll be a very long time, then, if she does at all," rejoined her cousin. "Take a little more room."

"I am afraid of crowding you," said Charity. But she took it notwithstanding; and after one or two remarks on the extreme heaviness of the coach, and the number of places it stopped at, they fell into a silence which remained unbroken by any member of the party until supper-time.

Although Mr. Jonas conducted Charity to the hotel and sat himself beside her at the board, it was pretty clear that he had an eye to "the other one" also, for he often glanced across at Mercy, and seemed to draw comparisons between the personal appearance of the two, which were not unfavourable to the superior plumpness of the younger sister. He allowed himself no great leisure for this kind of observation, however, being busily engaged with the supper, which, as he whispered in his fair companion's ear, was a contract business, and therefore the more she ate, the better the bargain was. His father and Mr. Pecksniff, probably acting on the same wise principle, demolished everything that came within their reach, and by that means acquired a greasy expression of countenance, indicating contentment, if not repletion, which it was very pleasant to contemplate.

When they could eat no more, Mr. Pecksniff and Mr. Jonas subscribed for two sixpennyworths of hot brandy-and-water, which the latter gentleman considered a more politic order than one shillingworth; there being a chance of their getting more spirit out of the innkeeper under this arrangement than if it were all in one glass. Having swallowed his share of the enlivening fluid, Mr. Pecksniff, under pretence of going to see if the coach were ready, went secretly to the bar, and had his own little bottle filled, in order that he might refresh himself at leisure in the dark coach without being observed.

These arrangements concluded, and the coach being ready, they got into their old places and jogged on again. But before he composed himself for a nap, Mr. Pecksniff delivered a kind of grace after meat, in these words :

"The process of digestion, as I have been informed by anatomical friends, is one of the most wonderful works of nature. I do not know how it may be with others, but it is a great satisfaction to me to know, when regaling on my humble fare, that I am putting in motion the most beautiful machinery with which we have any acquaintance. I really feel at such times as if I was doing a public service. When I have wound myself up, if I may employ such a term," said Mr. Pecksniff with exquisite tenderness, "and know that I am Going, I feel that in the lesson afforded by the works within me, I am a Benefactor to my Kind !"

As nothing could be added to this, nothing was said ; and Mr. Pecksniff, exulting, it may be presumed, in his moral utility, went to sleep again.

The rest of the night wore away in the usual manner. Mr. Pecksniff and Old Anthony kept tumbling against each other and waking up much terrified ; or crushed their heads in opposite corners of the coach and strangely tattooed the surface of their faces—Heaven knows how—in their sleep. The coach stopped and went on, and went on and stopped, times out of number. Passengers got up and passengers got down, and fresh horses came and went and came again, with scarcely any interval between each team as it seemed to those who were dozing, and with a gap of a whole night between every one as it seemed to those who were broad awake. At length they began to jolt and rumble over horribly uneven stones, and Mr. Pecksniff looking out of window said it was to-morrow morning, and they were there.

Very soon afterwards the coach stopped at the office in the city ; and the street in which it was situated was already in a bustle, that fully bore out Mr. Pecksniff's words about its being morning, though for any signs of day yet appearing in the sky it might have been midnight. There was a dense fog too—as if it were a city in the clouds, which they had been travelling to all night up a magic beanstalk—and a thick crust upon the pavement like oil-cake ; which, one of the outsides (mad, no doubt) said to another (his keeper, of course), was snow.

Taking a confused leave of Anthony and his son, and leaving the luggage of himself and daughters at the office to be called for afterwards, Mr. Pecksniff, with one of the young ladies under each arm, dived across the street, and then across other streets, and so up the queerest courts, and down the strangest alleys and under the blindest archways, in a kind of frenzy : now skipping over a kennel, now running for his life from a coach and horses ; now thinking he had lost his way, now thinking he had found it ; now in a state of the highest confidence, now despondent to the last degree, but always in a great perspiration and flurry ; until at length they stopped in a kind of paved yard near the Monument. That is to say, Mr. Pecksniff told them so ; for as to anything they could see of the Monument, or anything else but the buildings close at hand, they might as well have been playing blindman's buff at Salisbury.

Mr. Pecksniff looked about him for a moment, and then knocked at the door of a very dingy edifice, even among the choice collection of dingy edifices at hand ; on the front of which was a little oval board, like a tea-tray, with this inscription—"Commercial Boarding House: M. Todgers."

It seemed that M. Todgers was not up yet, for Mr. Pecksniff knocked twice and rang thrice, without making any impression on anything but a dog over the way. At last a chain and some bolts were withdrawn with a rusty noise, as if the weather had made the very fastenings hoarse, and a small boy with a large red head, and no nose to speak of, and a very dirty Wellington boot on his left arm, appeared ; who (being surprised) rubbed the nose just mentioned with the back of a shoe-brush, and said nothing.

"Still a-bed, my man ?" asked Mr. Pecksniff.

"Still a-bed !" replied the boy. "I wish they was still a-bed. They're very noisy a-bed ; all calling for their boots at once. I thought you wos the Paper, and wondered why you didn't shove yourself through the grating as usual. What do you want ?"

Considering his years, which were tender, the youth may be said to have preferred this question sternly, and in something of a defiant manner. But Mr. Pecksniff, without taking umbrage at his bearing, put a card in his hand, and bade him take that up-stairs, and show them in the meanwhile into a room where there was a fire.

"Or if there's one in the eating parlour," said Mr. Pecksniff, "I can find it myself." So he led his daughters, without waiting for any further introduction, into a room on the ground floor, where a table-cloth (rather a tight and scanty fit in reference to the table it covered) was already spread for breakfast : displaying a mighty dish of pink boiled beef ; an instance of that particular style of loaf which is known to housekeepers as a slack-baked, crummy quartern ; a liberal provision of cups and saucers ; and the usual appendages.

Inside the fender were some half dozen pairs of shoes and boots, of various sizes, just cleaned and turned with the soles upward to dry ; and a pair of short black gaiters, on one of which was chalked—in sport, it would appear, by some gentleman who had slipped down for the purpose, pending his toilet, and gone up again—"Jenkins's Particular," while the other exhibited a sketch in profile, claiming to be the portrait of Jenkins himself.

M. Todgers's Commercial Boarding-House was a house of that sort which is likely to be dark at any time ; but that morning it was especially dark. There was an odd smell in the passage, as if the concentrated essence of all the dinners that had been cooked in the kitchen since the house was built, lingered at the top of the kitchen stairs to that hour, and, like the Black Friar in *Don Juan*, "wouldn't be driven away." In particular, there was a sensation of cabbage ; as if all the greens that had ever been boiled there, were evergreens, and flourished in immortal strength. The parlour was wainscoted, and communicated to strangers a magnetic and instinctive consciousness of rats and mice. The staircase was very gloomy and very broad, with balustrades so thick and

heavy that they would have served for a bridge. In a sombre corner on the first landing, stood a gruff old giant of a clock, with a preposterous coronet of three brass balls on his head ; whom few had ever seen—none ever looked in the face—and who seemed to continue his heavy tick for no other reason than to warn heedless people from running into him accidentally. It had not been papered or painted, hadn't Todgers's, within the memory of man. It was very black, begrimed, and mouldy. And, at the top of the staircase, was an old, disjointed, rickety, ill-favoured skylight, patched and mended in all kinds of ways, which looked distrustfully down at everything that passed below, and covered Todgers's up as if it were a sort of human cucumber-frame, and only people of a peculiar growth were reared there.

Mr. Pecksniff and his fair daughters had not stood warming themselves at the fire ten minutes, when the sound of feet was heard upon the stairs, and the presiding deity of the establishment came hurrying in.

M. Todgers was a lady—rather a bony and hard-featured lady—with a row of curls in front of her head, shaped like little barrels of beer ; and on the top of it something made of net—you couldn't call it a cap exactly—which looked like a black cobweb. She had a little basket on her arm, and in it a bunch of keys that jingled as she came. In her other hand she bore a flaming tallow candle, which, after surveying Mr. Pecksniff for one instant by its light, she put down upon the table, to the end that she might receive him with the greater cordiality.

"Mr. Pecksniff," cried Mrs. Todgers. "Welcome to London ! Who would have thought of such a visit as this, after so—dear, dear !—so many years ! How do you *do*, Mr. Pecksniff ?"

"As well as ever ; and as glad to see you, as ever ;" Mr. Pecksniff made response. "Why, you are younger than you used to be !"

"You are, I am sure !" said Mrs. Todgers. "You're not a bit changed."

"What do you say to this ?" cried Mr. Pecksniff, stretching out his hand towards the young ladies. "Does this make me no older ?"

"Not your daughters !" exclaimed the lady, raising her hands and clasping them. "Oh, no, Mr. Pecksniff ! Your second, and her bridesmaid !"

Mr. Pecksniff smiled complacently ; shook his head ; and said, "My daughters, Mrs. Todgers : merely my daughters."

"Ah !" sighed the good lady, "I must believe you, for now I look at 'em I think I should have known 'em anywhere. My dear Miss Pecksniffs, how happy your Pa has made me !"

She hugged them both ; and being by this time overpowered by her feelings or the inclemency of the morning, jerked a little pocket handkerchief out of the little basket, and applied the same to her face.

"Now, my good madam," said Mr. Pecksniff, "I know the rules of your establishment, and that you only receive gentlemen boarders. But it occurred to me, when I left home, that perhaps you would give my daughters houseroom, and make an exception in their favour."

"Perhaps ?" cried Mrs. Todgers ecstatically. "Perhaps ?"

"I may say then, that I was sure you would," said Mr. Pecksniff.

"I know that you have a little room of your own, and that they can be comfortable there, without appearing at the general table."

"Dear girls!" said Mrs. Todgers. "I must take that liberty once more."

Mrs. Todgers meant by this that she must embrace them once more, which she accordingly did, with great ardour. But the truth was, that, the house being full with the exception of one bed, which would now be occupied by Mr. Pecksniff, she wanted time for consideration; and so much time too (for it was a knotty point how to dispose of them), that even when this second embrace was over, she stood for some moments gazing at the sisters, with affection beaming in one eye, and calculation shining out of the other.

"I think I know how to arrange it," said Mrs. Todgers, at length. "A sofa bedstead in the little third room which opens from my own parlour—Oh, you dear girls!"

Thereupon she embraced them once more, observing that she could not decide which was most like their poor mother (which was highly probable: seeing that she had never beheld that lady), but that she rather thought the youngest was; and then she said that as the gentlemen would be down directly, and the ladies were fatigued with travelling, would they step into her room at once? •

It was on the same floor; being in fact, the back parlour; and had, as Mrs. Todgers said, the great advantage (in London) of not being overlooked; as they would see, when the fog cleared off. Nor was this a vain-glorious boast, for it commanded at a perspective of two feet, a brown wall with a black cistern on the top. The sleeping apartment designed for the young ladies was approached from this chamber by a mightily convenient little door, which would only open when fallen against by a strong person. It commanded from a similar point of sight another angle of the wall, and another side of the cistern. "Not the damp side," said Mrs. Todgers. "*That* is Mr. Jinkins's."

In the first of these sanctuaries a fire was speedily kindled by the youthful porter, who whistling at his work in the absence of Mrs. Todgers (not to mention his sketching figures on his corduroys with burnt firewood), and being afterwards taken by that lady in the fact, was dismissed with a box on his ears. Having prepared breakfast for the young ladies with her own hands, she withdrew to preside in the other room; where the joke at Mr. Jinkins's expense, seemed to be proceeding rather noisily.

"I won't ask you yet, my dears," said Mr. Pecksniff, looking in at the door, "how you like London. Shall I?"

"We haven't seen much of it, Pa!" cried Merry.

"Nothing, I hope," said Cherry. (Both very miserably.)

"Indeed," said Mr. Pecksniff, "that's true. We have our pleasure, and our business too, before us. All in good time. All in good time!"

Whether Mr. Pecksniff's business in London was as strictly professional as he had given his new pupil to understand, we shall see, to adopt that worthy man's phraseology, "all in good time."

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DESCRIPTION & DIRECTIONS FOR USE.

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THE BLACK EBONY RULE is to lay under the fingers while writing, and should be placed over the second or third space below the one in which you are going to write, and as you terminate each line, shift this Rule a space lower.

To know (after leaving off) where to begin again, thrust the IVORY WEDGE under the second or third bar above the one where you left off, till the point of it touches the very word you last wrote, and that place will readily be found by just passing the hand lightly over the frame.

When one side of your letter is written, lift up the frame and turn the sheet of paper as you would in the ordinary way of writing, lay it again under the Frame, and proceed to write.

When the Semi-Carbonic Leaf is exhausted (which may be known by the paleness of the writing) take it off and attach another to the Satin thus: Moisten the four corners of the Leaf [which are prepared with gum-water] and lay it upon the Satin, pressing it on with your thumb at the corners, and it will again be ready for use. The Notch, two inches from the end of the Ebony Rule, is to warn the Writer that there is only space left for one long word, two short words, or three monosyllables.

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DIALOGUE
ON
THE CORN LAWS,
BETWEEN A
GENTLEMAN AND A FARMER.

The following conversation, nearly verbatim, took place on board a Steam Boat,
between a Gentleman and a Farmer :

Gentleman : Good morning, Sir, I see you have the *Mark Lane Express* in your hand; how do they quote the price of corn to-day?

Farmer : Wheat, Sir, I am sorry to say, is lower.

Gentleman : Last year I heard several of my agricultural friends complaining of the price being *too high*; how was that?

Farmer : Prices then were too high, and the effect was to enhance the value of rents, which is injurious to the farmer.

Gentleman : But I thought that your Corn Bill was to remedy these evils.

Farmer : It does not prevent the fluctuation of high and low prices, certainly. What we want is a steady remunerating price about 60s. per quarter.

Gentleman : And this the Corn Law cannot secure to you?

Farmer : No.

Gentleman : Then why not petition for its repeal?

Farmer : Because we should be worse off then than we are now.

Gentleman : How so? You admit that it does not protect you from the evils you wish to avoid; neither does it secure to you the good you desire to obtain.

Farmer : We must have *some* protection.

Gentleman : Why protection? Why should farmers expect to be secured from risks in their business more than others? Is it that they are less competent to manage them, or that farming is a losing concern? I should

say that a farmer has already many advantages; certainly more than the manufacturer has.

Farmer : How so; I should like to know how you make that out?

Gentleman : I will prove it to you: you grow corn, do you not? You sell it all in our *home market*, and have no occasion to export any.

Farmer : Certainly.

Gentleman : A manufacturer, on the other hand, makes (we will say for example) *cottons*, and as the demand for them in the home market is not equal to the supply, he has to send the surplus abroad.

Farmer : Very well.

Gentleman : Thus you see, Sir, you have a double advantage over the manufacturer; first, as *seller* of your own corn to him, in which case you *ADD* the *import charges*; and secondly, as *buyer* of his cottons, off which you *DEDUCT* the *export charges*; this leaves you a gainer upon each transaction. Now if an impartial person was asked which of the two parties was most entitled to protection, yourself or the manufacturer, surely he must say the latter.

Farmer : Sir, I admit these to be advantages.

Gentleman : Then why not be content with them without exacting more? why desire a Corn Law to enable you to obtain a yet higher price for which you have not a shadow of a claim?

Farmer: It is the foreigner we want to be protected against.

Gentleman: But you have always this advantage over the foreigner, that you sell on the spot, and he has to convey his corn 500 to 1000 miles, and pay all the costs of transit, before he can compete with you in your own market. Now, whatever the amount of these charges may be, whether 10s., 15s., or 20s. per quarter, it is so much protection in your favour, and you add this sum to the price of your corn at the time you sell it, although you have been at neither cost nor trouble in the matter. In other words, you add to every quarter of wheat you sell the amount of the import charges, although you sell it in the home market. This, Sir, I take to be a great advantage which you have over the manufacturer. It is a natural one which your position gives you, you are entitled to it; and no one complains of the gain you make. Do you see it?

Farmer: I think I do. It never struck me so before: but we get none too much. But, Sir, I would just ask you, how can the English farmer, who is burdened with high taxes, compete with the foreigner who is scarcely taxed at all?

Gentleman: I have already shown you one great advantage you have over the foreigner, and two which you have over the manufacturer; and I am quite sure that many a high-minded land proprietor, if he could be brought to perceive the relative positions in which the agriculturist, the manufacturer, and the foreigner are placed, in regard to each other, would be the first to denounce the *protective system* as oppressive and unjust.

Farmer: But, Sir, you must be aware that the greatest burden of taxes falls upon the land.

Gentleman: Indeed I am not, Sir.

Farmer: Why, everything, in fact, comes out of the land, we are more heavily taxed than any other class, and are consequently entitled to greater protection.

Gentleman: Will you be kind enough to state in what respect you are taxed so much beyond the rest of the community?

Farmer: Sir, I consider *tithes* to be a burden that fall almost exclusively on the land; the *highway rates* do the same, and the *poor rates* press heavier on the farmer than any one else.

Gentleman: Well, Sir, these are very fair objections to make. Now let us examine them, and see what amount of benefit on each you are entitled to. Ecclesiastical tithe, properly speaking, is a civil tax levied for an ecclesiastical purpose; it was never

the property of either landowners or farmers. A landlord cannot claim benefit for what he never bought, or a tenant for what he never hired. The latter, for instance, wishes to engage a farm, say of 200 acres; the full value of the land is £250, but it is subject to the annual payment by the tenant of £50 for tithe. He hires it accordingly, paying £200 as rent to his landlord, and the £50 as tithe to the parson; but he would not give £250, the value of the rent and tithe together, and then pay the tithe afterwards. In paying tithe, therefore, a farmer cannot be said to pay it out of his own capital, or out of his landlord's rent. Neither have the least claim for protection on account of tithe.

Farmer: Sir, you have stated the case very clearly, and I certainly see it in a somewhat different point of view to what I did before. A tenant who holds a *titheable farm*, pays no more than a tenant who occupies one that is *tithe free*.

Gentleman: Just so.

Farmer: Now, Sir, what have you to say on the Highway Rates?

Gentleman: The more numerous the roads are, and the better their condition, the greater is the advantage to those persons who own or occupy the surface of country over which they pass. Turnpike tolls form the great exchequer, out of which the main highways of the kingdom are kept up; lines diverge from these, by which the value of land in numerous and extensive districts has been greatly enhanced; and if in the remoter parishes the repair of the *by-ways* fall more especially on the farmer, it is because he is more largely benefited by their use. I live in a parish not more than two miles from a market town, and have to pay toll at a turnpike every time I go to it; my neighbour, a farmer, who holds most of the land around me, and who lives half a mile further back, reaches the same town by a parallel road near his residence, and pays no turnpike at all. We both contribute to the *highway rates*, but I keep but one horse, and he keeps fourteen or fifteen, besides 500 sheep and other cattle, and his carts and waggons are constantly passing to and fro upon our parish roads between the several parts of his farm. Beyond him resides another tenant, who holds four similar occupations with corresponding advantages. I fear that the plea for *protection* on the ground of *highway rates* will turn out to be untenable, particularly when it is recollected that all farmers are exempted by Act of Parliament from the payment of tolls when carrying manure, and engaged in the work of their several occupations; and further,

that towns have their own streets to maintain, over which the carts and horses of the farmers pass without paying any toll.

Farmer : Well, Sir, I should now like to hear your observations on the *Poor Law*.

Gentleman : You shall have them; only let me here premise one general remark, that whatever I may say, though *pointedly* addressed to you, is not intended *personally*, but against the *protective system*, of which you are the advocate.

Farmer : I perfectly understand it so, and beg you will be quite free in expressing yourself. I shall not be offended.

Gentleman : Of the *Poor Law*, or rather the *Poor Rates*, (for the latter, I presume, are meant,) I would say that the manufacturing and agricultural interests are, perhaps, upon a par. The poor generally exist in proportion to the amount of population; their number is smaller in thinly peopled rural districts, than in the larger towns. But here again, by living in the country, I have noticed some strange anomalies. I have seen, for instance, twenty able-bodied men in a parish out of employ, and the land in that parish suffering from the want of their labour; the farmers preferring to maintain them in idleness, rather than furnish them with the work that would turn to their own profit. And before the enactment of the *Poor Law*, I have known farmers, friends of my own, intelligent men, and highly respectable, who, when they wanted hands, and labourers have applied to them for work, have refused to engage them, and have hinted at the same time the propriety of their applying to the parish; the poor fellows through necessity have done so; and the same farmers, under the plea of benefitting the parish, have then consented to give 6s. per week for their services, knowing well that they were worth 10s. to them; and the parish had to make up the difference. Thus were the poor pauperized; and thus had the country to pay the wages of the farmers' labourers! And what is the object of the present *Poor Law*? Is it not to compel every able-bodied man, whether he has been thus pauperized or not, to depend upon his own labour for support? And does not the *Corn Law* deprive him of the right to exchange the produce of that labour with those who would give him food in plenty in return for it? How, then, can a poor man succeed under such circumstances? Or how can the principle of the *Poor Law Bill* be carried out? The two laws are incompatible.

Farmer : Sir, I acknowledge the charges to be too true; I also admit the inconsistency of such a mode of legislation.

Gentleman : Your plea for a *Corn Law* on the ground of *Tithes*, *Highway Rates*, and *Poor Rates*, I think is a failure. Can you advance any other reasons why the agriculturists should be especially protected? Or can you show in what respect they are more heavily taxed than others?

Farmer : I do not recollect just now, but I always considered that we had the worst of it.

Gentleman : If you cannot, then, prove to me that you pay *more* in proportion than others, will you allow me to prove to you that in truth you pay *less*.

Farmer : I like to hear you talk, and yet I don't like to hear you, if you can make that out. I like your *manner* but I don't like your *doctrine*.

Gentleman : The sting of a remark sometimes lies in the truth of it.

Farmer : I suppose so. But you were going to show me how the Farmer pays *less taxes* than any other people.

Gentleman : Very well. How many horses do you keep?

Farmer : Twelve, Sir.

Gentleman : What tax do you pay a year for each?

Farmer : Tax! tax; I don't pay anything for them.

Gentleman : Then other people do for theirs; and the relief afforded to the agriculturists by the repeal of the tax on their horses is about £500,000 per annum; *this sum*, therefore, you pay *less*; and here let me remark, that if a given sum is required annually for the exigencies of the State, (say fifty millions,) and one class of the community is excused the payment of their portion, then that portion must fall upon the rest to pay, and such being the case in the present instance, the public are taxed £500,000 a year for the farmer's benefit.

Farmer : Well, Sir, you may be right; I certainly do not pay any tax for my horses.

Gentleman : The *Window Tax*, again. Are you charged for any window in your farm-house?

Farmer : No, sir.

Gentleman : All farm houses under a rental of £200 a year, the tenants deriving a fixed income from no other source, are exempt. Thus, here is £50,000 a year you are relieved from, and which the public has to pay for you. And as a further specimen of the protective favour you enjoy, let me remind you that a deficiency has just been declared in the public revenue, and *fresh taxes* are required; and how do you suppose they are to be raised? by taxing such of the farmers' windows as pay nothing? No, but by an additional tax of ten per cent. on

those who are already paying twice as much as they ought; and should the people complain of this act of injustice, they would be stigmatized as factious and revolutionary by the very parties to whom the boon of exemption is granted.

Farmer : Go on, you'll make something out of us in time.

Gentleman : I am afraid but little. I presume you employ as many servants of all kinds as you please, and pay no tax for any of them.

Farmer : Certainly.

Gentleman : Other persons, if they employ grooms, gardeners, stable boys, or what not, are charged for each; and this has been another saving to you of about £50,000 a year.

Farmer : For one, I wish for nothing but what is fair, and certainly think that farmers ought not to require that others should be taxed for their benefit.

Gentleman : I think with you, but, unhappily for the country, the reverse is the case. Let me here ask you, do you pay any direct tax at all?

Farmer : No, I do not.

Gentleman : I thought so. Well, there is another singular boon you have lately received, which (since concessions are so common) may not have struck you.

Farmer : Gently, Sir, if you please.

Gentleman : I allude to your exemption from the payment of all duty on the *insurance of farming stock*. Now, if I insure my stock in trade, I must pay a tax to Government in proportion to the amount I insure; this effects a saving to the agricultural interest of more than £80,000 a year. I could mention other taxes expressly repealed for the farmer's benefit, and which the public has consequently to pay. I observe, for instance, that farming stock is very frequently sold by auction—does it pay any auction duty to Government?

Farmer : No, Sir.

Gentleman : But the manufacturer's or tradesman's goods, when sold by auction, bear a duty of five per cent. to the Government. So you see here is another special exemption.

Farmer : You have mentioned enough.

Gentleman : Well, it can do us no harm to look at these things, and to talk over them pleasantly.

Farmer : Certainly; as I said before, I like to hear, only, to tell you the truth, I don't want to be convinced; it goes against my interest.

Gentleman : You think so, but depend upon it your interest consists in knowing the truth; it will be the first sure step to-

wards bettering your condition, which needs improvement.

Farmer : Ah! *there* I fully agree with you; it *does* need improvement.

Gentleman : It strikes me that the position in which the landed interest stands in reference to itself and the country, requires to be more clearly understood; and this is one object which I have had in view in mentioning these things.

Farmer : Sir, I am obliged to you; I quite think that you intend the farmers no harm, although you seem to state truths that I am sure they would not relish. Have you any other objections to make?

Gentleman : Yes; I think there is something very partial and very unjust in that law which allows a large landed proprietor to leave his estates to whom he pleases, without paying a single farthing for either *probate or legacy duty*, whilst others, who are not rich enough to hold land, and possess only *personal property*, have to pay both. A poor man who dies worth only twenty guineas, if he *wills* it to a neighbour or friend, who is not a relation, the latter, before he can touch it, must *prove the will*, and pay 10s. besides costs; and then he cannot appropriate the money to his own use till he has paid a further sum, for *legacy duty*, of *two pounds* to government! A landed proprietor, on the other hand, may leave an estate in land worth £20,000, or any amount, to whom he pleases, without being charged one farthing. To exhibit the working of this law in favour of land yet more clearly, let us suppose a nobleman who dies possessed of *real estate* to the value of £100,000; he leaves it to whom he pleases, and no cost is incurred. A merchant or manufacturer dies possessed of *personal estate*, of the same value; he pays as under:—

| | | | |
|---------------------------------|--------|---|---|
| Amount of probate duty.... | £1,500 | 0 | 0 |
| Legacy duty, 10 per cent.... | 10,000 | 0 | 0 |
| (Not being left to a relation.) | | | |

Total.....£11,500 0 0

And if the same rate of duty was levied upon real estate as is now levied upon personal, it would amount to from *two and a half to three millions* annually! Is this mode of taxation just?

Farmer : Most assuredly not.

Gentleman : Well, this is the way in which the people are oppressed; can we wonder then that there should be dissatisfaction?

Farmer : The law is very unfair and ought to be altered, but how comes it that we get such unequal laws?

Gentleman : Because the landed aristocracy have hitherto had the making of the laws, and they have always taken care of

themselves. This is exemplified by reference to the subject of Land Tax, in proportion to the amount of other taxes in this country, and the different countries in Europe. In most of the latter the Land Tax yields more than all their other taxes, whereas in Britain the Land Tax produces only *One Million odd*, and the other taxes about *Fifty Millions*. The legislature has ever descended to the minutest matters to exempt the landed interest; even the shepherd's dog is liable to no duty, while the tradesman's yard dog must pay. A fresh example of partial legislation in favour of the farmers may be seen in our new Income Tax. They are to be exempt from the inquisitorial examination of their profits! All occupiers of farms under a rental of £300 per annum to pay nothing! Those above that amount are to be assessed at only half their rentals, whilst other persons with incomes of £150 a year or upwards are obliged to disclose the full particulars of their profits and pay upon the whole amount.

Farmer: But there is another very important point which occurs to me just now, and which I should like to have cleared up; I allude to the national debt. Now, how is the interest of this to be paid, if the farmer is not protected?

Gentleman: Precisely in the same way as it is now paid by others who have no protection. By protection you mean that a monopoly price should be given you for your corn, to enable you the better to bear your share of the general taxation. Now, what right has the farmer, by virtue of a Corn Law, to lay a surcharge on the consumer to enable him to do this? That is not paying the taxes; that is not bearing his share of the interest of the national debt; it is shifting the burden from his own shoulders upon the shoulders of his neighbour. You may very fairly ask how the interest on the national debt is to be paid, seeing that the people, in addition to the taxes levied by the state, have to pay the taxes levied on them by the LAND. If one of your teams of horses could scarcely draw your waggon, because it was loaded, would you lay on more to make them draw the better?

Farmer: It is quite evident that we do not see eye to eye. The very points which I considered our strongest ones, you regard as our weakest. I still think that the Corn Law is not the disadvantage to the country many suppose; because, allowing that it secures to the farmer better prices, these are afterwards laid out again with the manufacturer—he becomes a better customer to the latter in proportion.

Gentleman: My dear Sir, excuse me,

this is a part and parcel of the wretched reasoning with which the Corn Law advocates have ever attempted to bewilder the country. If I give you a sum of money for your goods beyond what they are intrinsically worth, to enable you to be a better customer to me in return, what do I get by it? If you merely lay out with me what I have given you in the first instance, why might I not as well have retained the money in my pocket? Unfortunately the mischief does not end here; the effect of the Corn Law is to destroy manufactures and commerce, and thus to deprive the nation of the very means by which all taxes are paid. When will the people be wise or their rulers be just?

Farmer: But, Sir, you must surely admit that the agricultural labourer is better off when the price of corn is high than when it is low; his wages are always raised in proportion.

Gentleman: I by no means admit this; to be better off his wages ought to be more than raised in proportion. Pray what may be considered the average price of wheat at the present moment?

Farmer: 38s. per coomb.

Gentleman: And what wages per week do your pay your workmen?

Farmer: 10s. per week.

Gentleman: What is the lowest average price you have known wheat to sell at?

Farmer: I have known it sold as low as 21s. per coomb.

Gentleman: And what was the rate of wages then?

Farmer: I should say 8s. to 9s. per week.

Gentleman: Then, Sir, you have upset your own argument.

Farmer: How so?

Gentleman: Why, if a labourer earned 8s. a week when wheat was 21s. per coomb, he could procure with his money about six pecks; whereas, the man who earns 10s. a week, wheat being at 38s. per coomb, can procure only about four pecks; in other words, you ought to give your workman, according to the present price of corn, 14s. a week instead of 10s. His condition, therefore, according to your own showing, is deteriorated instead of improved. But this is not all, the sudden fluctuation in the price of corn, to which the agricultural poor are subject, is a serious disadvantage to them. The Corn Law in the rural districts operates as a disturbing force on wages, but not as a regulating one. Between the price of corn and the price of wages, a principle of self interest on the part of the employer interposes and acts inversely upon them, keeping corn up to the maximum price, and wages

down to the *minimum*. And you will please also to recollect that there is still a large class of persons whose wages, though affected by the price of corn, are regulated by the demand and supply of labour in the market; I allude to the manufacturing labourers, the mechanics, artisans, and workmen in other trades; on these a greater injury is often inflicted, for it happens, and not unfrequently, that when the price of their labour is *unusually low*, the price of corn is *unusually high*, and then we have, as a consequence, one of those popular outbreaks, for which the *people* are blamed, and the *government* is in fault.

Farmer: Oh, I give up the argument as respects the manufacturing operatives.

Gentleman: Let us next turn our eye upon the Polish husbandman, clad in his dress of sheep skins. He grows corn sufficient for his wants, and would be glad to exchange it for the cottens of the Manchester weaver; each is ready to supply the needs of the other to their mutual advantage; but again the cupidity of the Corn Law interferes with its protecting duty, and both are brought to a stand still. Wide prospects are sometimes seen through small openings. Reverse the picture, and suppose these men left at liberty to exchange the products of their respective industry, an impulse would immediately be given to foreign agriculture, distant markets would be opened to our manufactures, commerce would increase, and all would participate in the general benefit.

Farmer: I am afraid not the farmer; his prices would fall, and his trade would be ruined.

Gentleman: If so, it only proves the unsound and artificial position in which he stands, and which wants a remedy. The natural result of the change would be this; the demand for foreign corn would enhance its price; the price would augment the value of land abroad; an improved system of culture would be introduced, better implements be required, more labourers wanted, and higher wages paid; these and other concomitant circumstances, so far from tending to lower our home prices of corn, would carry the foreign price up. And when to this we add the new demand for our manufactures, with the consequent stimulus that would be given to British industry, instead of the thousands and tens of thousands now emigrating for want of employ, and the numerous manufacturing establishments formed and forming, in self defence, in nearly all the European states, we should be glad of our population at home at fair wages, and these would form so many additional cus-

tomers to the British farmer, and again INCREASE rather than diminish both the price and consumption of his corn. But leaving the question of price to adjust itself, as it soon naturally would, what have we to do with the profit and loss of the landed interest, or the manufacturing interest, or the commercial interest, or indeed any other interest in its separate character? This officious management on the part of government of men's affairs, in their private instead of their public capacities, has been, and ever will be, a fruitful source of discontent and mischief. The people have a right to enjoy peaceably the fruits of their labour, and if the agriculturists attempt to deprive them of it, they have a just cause to complain.

Farmer: But, Sir, you would surely not have this country depend on foreign countries for the supply of corn. What should we do, if this was the case, in times of war or scarcity?

Gentleman: In time of war we should probably do as we are now doing with the article of *tea*, continue to buy it as if no war existed; albeit there would yet be this difference, that *tea* is grown only in China, whereas *corn* is grown in almost every country; and we are surely not intending to make a quarrel with all the world at the same time. Indeed it is well known that *during the war with France* we were to a great extent supplied with corn from that country, at a period of great scarcity, owing to the failure of our crops. Besides, as to a war, all good men must deplore it, and no public measure like *free trade* is so calculated to prevent its occurrence. It is no advantage to either individuals or nations to quarrel with their customers; for this reason, it behoves alike the statesman, the Christian, and the philanthropist, to endeavour to do away with the present system of monopoly for one of free trade. As to a *scarcity*, seeing that every country is liable to it, it is surely better not to confine our dependance to *one*, even though that one be our own; for, in the event of a scarcity, I think yourself must admit that it would be desirable to have other markets to go to. Depend upon it, the wider the surface from whence we draw our supply of corn the better, and the less is its fluctuation in price; and if that surface be the world instead of England, our risks of failure from the seasons is diminished, and our security increased.

Farmer: You seem determined, Sir, not to allow us farmers one argument to defend ourselves.

Gentleman: I allow you to advance all the arguments you please, but I think

you ought to have recourse to sounder ones.

Farmer: If you could only show us that we should obtain as good a price for our corn, when the law is repealed, as we do now that we are protected, we would directly give it up.

Gentleman: Before I do this, you are bound to prove to me that you are entitled to a Corn Law, and that you would be losers by its repeal, neither of which you have yet done. However, whether conviction be produced in your mind or not, it is very evident to those who watch the signs of the times that a strong feeling is growing in the public mind in favour of the repeal of the Corn Laws; and if to this we add the consideration of a remarkable physical fact, that whilst the land of England remains in extent the same, our population is increasing at the rate of 1000 a day! it would seem as if the change could not be far distant. How much wiser, then, would it be to meet the case in a time of tranquillity, than to defer it till a time of commotion; to concede with a grace what *may be* extorted by clamour! With respect to your remark, that it would be well to show farmers that they would be no losers by the repeal of the Corn Laws, I may say that I think they would be gainers by it, certainly in the following respects:—

Farming, it must be admitted, is a pursuit rendered sufficiently hazardous by the changes of the seasons, failure of the crops, &c., without being subjected to the sudden fluctuations in price which are produced by the Corn Law. The latter converts the operation of farming into a lottery, with the chances against the tenant; for in taking a farm, he hires it not at its *natural value*, so as to benefit by any advantage which the times might subsequently confer upon him, but he hires it at a *Corn Bill* or *monopoly price*, which has the effect of transferring all the advantage to his landlord, in the shape of rent; whilst, should prices decline, the loss falls on *himself*. In this dilemma, we have had weekly announcements in the papers of the generosity of Lord A—, or the munificence of Lord B—, in returning 5, 10, or 20 per cent., at the rent audits of their tenantry; in plain English, surrendering their claims to arrears they could never get, and which in most cases they should never have attempted to exact. Liberality is a gem that ought to shine in the lease, and not in the landlord's judgment.

By this act of apparent generosity, the tenant is placed under a perpetual obligation to his landlord, and is thereby deprived of that independence of speech and action

in political affairs which is enjoyed by the humblest mechanic; a position very unfavourable to the tenant, and which the landlord knows too well how to turn to account when fitting occasions offer. Nevertheless, the latter is not solely in fault; some blame attaches to the tenant, who too readily suffers himself to be placed in this state of dependence.

In times of *scarcity*, when the price of corn rises, it generally happens that the greater portion of small farmers have little or no stocks to sell; indeed, the scarcity of the article it is that occasions the advance: thus they are not only shut out from the benefit of increased profit arising from the advanced prices, but, in addition to high rents, many other things have a tendency to rise, and this when the farmer is least able to bear it.

On the other hand, in times of *abundance*, whether arising from unusually large harvests, or extensive importation, or probably both causes, the *price declines*, and they are again debarred from profit; and the consumers being supplied, no reduction in price can increase the demand, save only such a ruinous reduction as will induce speculators to buy a perishable article which they do not want, with the view of hoarding it up against they do. Thus the farmer suffers in both cases.

The Corn Laws are a cause of the farmer's uncertainty and perplexity, when he ought to be fairly and securely reckoning on regular gains.

They are a great occasion of the farmer's instability of position, sometimes deluding him with false hopes, and sometimes depressing him below his just level, and extorting from him the unavailing cry to the legislature of agricultural distress.

They are a cause of the farmer's alienation from the industrial portion of the community, connecting his advantages with their sufferings, and his losses with their gains, and thus infusing into society a bitterness of spirit unfavourable to the landed interest.

Farmer: Well, but I presume you don't go the length of advocating total repeal all at once?

Gentleman: Yes, and for this reason, that as no other settlement can be final, and as it is for the interest of the farmer to have the question set at rest, I would therefore abolish the Corn Law at once and for ever.

Farmer: Why not put on a low fixed duty instead of the sliding scale?

Gentleman: Because, for the reasons I have already given you, there is no just ground for imposing any duty whatever upon foreign corn, for the protection of the

landed interest of this country. The manufacturers disclaim all desire for protection, and denounce it as a mischievous delusion. Recollect, too, that all the agitation that is now going on is against a fixed duty. The cry everywhere is, "No bread tax!" and, judging from the manner in which public opinion is every day becoming more and more opposed to any duty upon corn, I am convinced that total repeal is inevitable in the end.

Farmer: But you would not be so unreasonable, I should think, as to refuse to give us time; you would agree to a duty of 8s. or 10s. to begin with, going off a shilling every year?

Gentleman: In my opinion, *that* would be the very worst plan of all for the farmers, for then the landlord would put off the adjustment of rent from year to year, and in the end probably throw the whole of the loss, if there was any, upon the tenant; but I will explain the matter in this way. The steward would say, "Well, Farmer So-and-so, we'll see how this new Corn Law works for a year; in the mean time you must bestir yourself, and next year we'll talk the matter of rent over." The next year the tenant pays the full rent, and the steward says, "You must set to work and improve your cultivation; there are great improvements going on, and my lord (meaning his landlord) is anxious that you should not be behind your neighbours." The third year the full rent is paid, and the steward recommends the Scotch system of two-horse ploughs, under-draining, &c. The fourth year the same rent is paid, and the steward compliments the tenant upon his improved method of farming. The fifth, sixth, and seventh years pass over in the same way; the farmer exerting all his energies to increase his produce and diminish his expenses, in order to meet the rent day. The duty has now dropped to 3s. a quarter. "Well, Farmer So-and-so," says the steward, "we seem to have been more frightened than hurt by this Corn Law; there does not seem to be much to fear from foreign competition after all." In the mean time, however, whilst the old rent is continued, the foreigner has been putting more land under cultivation, to be

ready to take advantage of the low duty, and the importing merchant has been holding back his corn in bond, to pour it upon the market at the same time; and thus the English farmer finds his market swamped, all of a sudden, just as he does now by the sliding scale. On the contrary, if the Corn Law were immediately abolished, there would be an instant adjustment of rents all over the kingdom, there would be no stock of corn ready abroad to throw upon the market, the farmer would take his farm upon a long lease, most likely at a *corn rent*, before he began his improvements, and then he, and not the landlord, would reap all the benefit of his exertions. I shall only add, that I have thought much upon this matter, and am convinced that the best thing for the farmers, under all the circumstances of the times, would be, *the total and immediate repeal of the Corn Laws.*

Farmer: There is a good deal of reason in what you say; and, at all events, I am sure you are giving me your sincere opinion. I must confess that I thought we were more burdened than we appear to be, and I was not before aware that we had so many special exemptions as you have acquainted me with. The fact that the land tax is so much heavier upon the land of the other European countries than upon our own land, is, I must admit, a very striking fact; but what goes farthest toward removing my fears for the consequences of the abolition of the Corn Laws, is the advantages we should have, and, as you say, always must have, over the foreigner, in the circumstance, that while we produce the corn where it is consumed, he must be at the expense of freight, insurance, and shipping charges; and I am almost inclined to think this would secure to us a steady and fair remunerating price.

Here the conversation between the Gentleman and the Farmer was interrupted by the termination of the voyage; to what extent it might otherwise have been carried, it is difficult to say. Both parties separated in the most friendly manner; and I have recorded their dialogue in the hope that it may be useful to others, and throw some additional light on the state of the Corn Laws.

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 SPORTING
 COAT 10.0

WOOL DYED CLOTHS FOR PROFESSIONAL
 AND CLERICAL WEAR

FOR ANNUAL CONTRACTS
 SEND FOR
 PAMPHLET.

PROFESSIONAL SUMMER SUITS
 WEAR AND LOOK
 AS WELL AS CLOTH
 1.10.0.0

INTERMEDIATE
 SUITS
 FOR ALL SEASONS
 7.5.0.0

EXCELLENT
 SUPERFINE FRACKS
 0.11.0.0

A SUPREME COLLECTION OF THE
 MOST COSTLY DRESS MATERIALS

FINEST WHITE
 WAISTCOAT
 1.0.0
 3.0.10.0

SUMMER CLOTH
 TACLONNES
 BLACK OR
 COLOURED
 0.10.6

A SUIT OF
 BLACK
 FOR EACH WEAR
 11.0.0.0
 10.0.0.0
 10.0.0.0

COMFORT IN A STORM

DOESKIN TROUSERS
 BEST FOR WINTER
 18.10.20

SHOOTING TROUSERS
 0.10.3

DOESKIN TROUSERS
 BEST FOR WINTER
 18.10.20

OLD ENGLISH SHOOTING
 JACKET
 7.0.5
 21.5

FINEST WHITECORD
 BREECHES
 1.10

SCARLET HUNTING
 COAT
 1.3.0.0

FINE BEAVER
 CLOTH
 2.30.0.0

BEST VELVETEN
 JACKET
 11.15.0

SUPERIOR
 CATERERS

PALETT OR FRENCH
 SPORTING
 COAT 10.0

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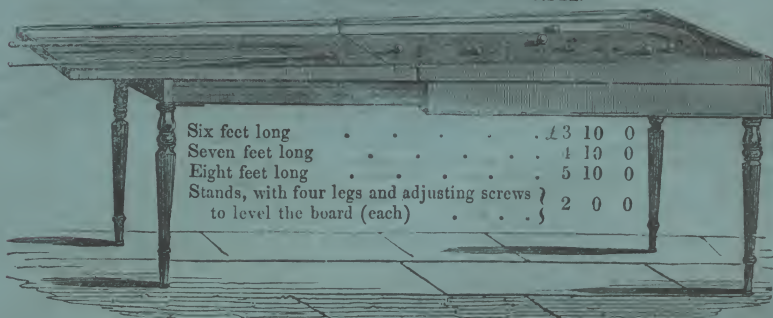
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Begs to call the attention of his Customers and the Public to his superb Stock of

PAPIER MACHÉ GOODS, AND AN INFINITE VARIETY OF ARTICLES SUITED FOR NEW YEARS' GIFTS,

OF WHICH A CATALOGUE MAY BE HAD GRATIS.

MECHI'S CUSHIONED BAGATELLE TABLE.

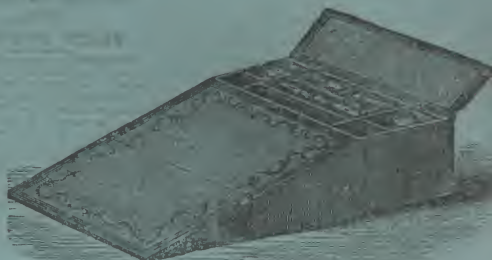


PACKING-CASES FOR THE ABOVE CHARGED ACCORDING TO SIZE.

Small Billiard Tables and Bagatelle Tables, with Slate Bottoms and India Rubber Cushions, for Public Rooms.



LADY'S WORK-BOX, WITH FITTINGS



LADY'S WRITING-DESK, WITH FITTINGS.



GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-CASE, COMPLETE.



TRAVELLING WRITING-CASE AND COVER.
Some of these are combined with a Dressing-Case.



VERY SUPERIOR SKAITS.

